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## THE POWER OF MIND.

### PART ONE.

AMONG the earliest ideas which we form, is that of power. When its exertion is seen, our interest is always excited, and where there is a possibility that it may be possessed and wielded by us, at our pleasure, its possession is intensely desired. 'The infant,' says Dr. Brown, 'is pleased, when we shake for the first time the bells of his little rattle, before we put it into his possession; but when he has it in his own hands, and makes the noise, which is then such delightful music to his ear, by his own effort, his rapture is more than doubled.' This desire of power grows with our growth, and extends through the whole circle of faculties which we call into successive exercise, and to nearly all the objects with which we find ourselves surrounded. We learn indeed to control its exercise, and we strive to dissimulate, when conscious of its existence, and are unwilling to permit the disclosure of its influence. But this only shows the extent to which its prevalence may be traced.

The simple desire of power is not of itself, not necessarily, wrong. It is not one of those dispositions against which we are bound to wage unceasing war for its extinction. On the contrary, many valuable and important purposes are promoted by it. Its uncontrolled indulgence, or its mere subordination to the principle of self-aggrandizement, is indeed much to be deprecated. And perhaps unfortunately for the good name of this desire of power, its perversion has most frequently attended its successful prosecution.

The mere power of muscular force, which we possess in common with the brute creation, and in an inferior degree to many of them, is surely not that which gives any ennobling distinction to us, or on account of which we have any high cause for self-gratulation. It is very often possessed, to the greatest extent, by those who seem endowed with very few estimable qualities of heart or mind. Nor is the power which wealth, or rank, or ancestry gives, though certainly elevated above the level of that which consists in brute force, to be considered as invested with any thing like the same interest, to the noble and ingenuous soul, as the power of mind.

This is the subject, which too tamely, perhaps too presumptuously, we have selected for the present consideration of the reader. What school-boy has not written something upon the power of mind?

and what philosopher has ever fully analyzed it? With no pretensions to have struck out new light on such a topic, our humble purpose shall be, to concentrate, and profitably direct, some rays of the old. We shall endeavor briefly to sketch the appropriate sphere of its exercise; offer some practical suggestions on the means of increasing this power; and then consider the motives by which its exercise, and the desire of its acquisition, ought always to be controlled.

The first thing proposed is, to sketch the appropriate sphere for the exercise, or the development of the power of mind. It has indeed an ample field — from the lowest act, dependant on the will, upward through all the simple and complex arrangement of ingenious mechanism, comprising by far the most interesting of all the relations we sustain to the material universe. The power, too, of adaptation and subserviency; where the ascertainment of nature's laws gives to this power of mind the opportunity of rendering nature's most steadfast course obedient to some useful subordinate purposes to which man desires to direct it; and last of all, and chief of all, the power over mind itself, either our own or the mind of others, in all its faculties, understanding, affections, and will. To give a few of the simplest illustrations in each of these departments, must suffice.

The first and lowest exercise of the power of mind, above noticed, is when the mechanical powers are applied for the accomplishment of some object, to which our physical energy, without this assistance, would be inadequate. Necessity, that prolific mother of useful inventions, must early have led to the discovery and application of the simpler mechanical powers; and perhaps no nation or tribe of men has ever been found so ignorant, as not to have employed some of them, to accomplish that which the hand or the shoulder was found unequal to, without this aid. In the absence of all historical records, of the first invention and application of so simple a contrivance, conjecture may easily and safely suggest the process. When, in erecting their first rude dwellings, or in removing some obstructions from an oft-frequented pathway, man, unaided by his fellows, had found his own strength unequal to the task of raising the mass of stone or wood, which his purpose required him to remove, he casts around him for the means of its accomplishment. Accidental observation may, in many ways, have taught him, for instance, the use of the lever. Accustomed, as he would be, to the observation of the simplest objects and occurrences in nature, we can conceive of no way in which he would more likely discover this power, than by beholding the sturdy trunks or even roots of lofty trees, caused to move, to vibrate by the power of the winds on their tops; when the same power, or a far greater, if applied near to the ground, would produce no effect. The inference and the application would be easy. With some long branch of the tree, of convenient size, he repairs again to the object he had just found too ponderous to be moved by his hand. Placing one end of this rude lever-bar under the mass, and fixing a rest or fulcrum, he applies his hand to the other end, and as he finds the object accomplished with ease, he experiences a satisfaction arising from the same principle, which gives delight, on the other hand, to the infant first shaking his rattle, and on the other to the philosopher of Syracuse, exclaiming with ecstasy, on accomplishing the solution

of a difficult and important problem, ‘*ευρῆκα! ευρῆκα!*’ From this lowest specimen of the power of mind — so low, indeed, that perhaps it will be contended that there is no mind about it — you may go upward, step by step, through all the simple and combined exercise of mechanical skill, in giving new force, or rather new modifications and useful varieties to the application of force, from the simplest artificer’s wedge or wheel, to the astonishing achievements of Archimedes, in the defence of an ancient, or that of Cræle, in that of a more modern, city; where, so confident were a small garrison of the power of mind, that they dared an overwhelming army to the assault, and by the machines of their ingenuity, sent them back discomfited and overwhelmed.

The power of adaptation and subserviency may be variously illustrated. In hydraulics, or the application of water-falls to the moving of machinery, where a knowledge of the principles of gravitation, and the force of fluids, enables man to apply that force, which before expended itself in vain, to any of his purposes; in the expansive force of rapid combustion, which has led to the discovery and application of gunpowder; in the power of steam, also, which is now developed in some of the most splendid exhibitions of human skill and ingenuity which have marked the progress of modern discovery. The polarity of the magnet is, in the mariner’s compass, made subservient to the most useful and important purposes; and the transit of a planet, which with mathematical precision is anticipated, furnishes, in its occurrence, the means or the opportunity for still farther and more interesting discovery. So the air and the light, the tides and the winds, the instincts of animals, and most of the properties of matter, man, by the power of mind, investigates, and then, by an adaptation in itself as simple as its results are wonderful, makes them subservient to his purposes. How noble, in this respect, are our endowments, and how gloriously do they illustrate the wisdom of the Author of our being! Many things which He has placed entirely beyond our control, whose natures we cannot alter, whose course we can neither stop nor change, we are thus permitted, by a knowledge of their properties, and by a confidence in the stability of their course, to make almost as directly, and far more extensively, subservient to our own benefit, than though their natures and movements were entirely under our direction.

But the power of mind over mind, over itself and over others, is the noblest of its achievements. By this, he who has skill to wield the energies within him, may control, to an almost indefinite extent, the noblest of the works of God. By argument, he can carry conviction to the reason, and bend the understanding to his purpose. By sympathy, and all the other inlets to the heart, he wins over its affections, and makes them coöperate in the attainment of his objects. By imagination, and the graphic delineations and vivid coloring of the brilliant images made successively to pass before the contemplation, an ideal presence arrests and enchains the attention. Then, having yielded ourselves up to the entire control of the potent enchantment, by the combined influence of motives which the understanding admits, and the affections and imagination coöperate to strengthen, the will is gained, and whatever of influence and aid is in our power,

becomes subsidiary to the aims of him who thus wields our minds by the powers of his own. Perhaps no more perfect illustration of this influence can be found, than in the finished orator, whose clear philosophy sheds light upon the understandings of his hearers, whose sincere and deep conviction of the truth and importance of what he advances, gains over their sympathies and confidence to his side; and who unites with all the rest the real spirit of impassioned poetry, and into the creations of his fancy knows how to infuse so much of seeming truth, as for the time to make us forget that they are ideal. To all these requisites, we have only to add, that he should be of sound integrity, having principles too stern to yield to any flattering temptations which might prompt him to make the worse appear the better side; and then, if no unfriendly prejudices exist in those who listen to him, his triumph will be complete. With what an exulting consciousness of power may such a man rise up, knowing that the eyes of thousands are eagerly turned upon him, and feeling in himself the full assurance, that the high-wrought expectation which causes every heart to beat with impatience, and every ear of the mute throng to be turned to catch each accent from his lips, he can more than realize. Such examples of mental power we are sometimes permitted to see, in our halls of legislation, and in our courts of justice, and more rarely, perhaps, ministering at the altars of religion. If there be any where a more noble illustration of the power of mind than this, it is only where, with all this consciousness of the strength that can be put forth, at will, upon extraneous objects, the possessor nobly chooses to direct those energies inward, and gain a moral triumph more truly noble, because less pompously dazzling, by self-control, than which nothing seems to the inconsiderate more easy, or is found practically more difficult; which is despised by those who never practice it, and neglected by those who need it most; which increases in difficulty as we increase our power over others, and the want of which is seldom suspected, until that very want has insured the destruction of our best interests. How many, alas! by its habitual neglect, have blasted the hopes of their friends and their country, and when too late to repair the mischief, have sat down to brood in sullen despondency over the perversion of those powers, which, if more discreetly directed, would have secured their own happiness, and sensibly augmented that of their fellow creatures. Had that peerless man of modern times, whose sun of glory went down in clouds and blood at Waterloo, remembered that there was a nobler and more difficult victory to achieve, than those he won over the beleaguering hosts of enemies which he led, in successive triumph, through almost every nation in Europe; had he turned that power inward upon himself, which in its goings forth seemed to set the world on fire, then would not his closing scenes have formed so melancholy, and humbling, and even pitiful a contrast with that splendid pageantry in which he had moved before. Then, too, would not France, beautiful and chivalrous France, after having waded through an ocean of blood in the accomplishment of one revolution, have been forced to sit down for almost a score of years, under the rule of monarchs imposed on her by foreign armies; and when submission to their senseless and un-

blushing attempts at lawless tyranny had ceased to be a virtue, she would not have been constrained to come forth again and put her all at hazard, as we recently beheld it, between the clamors of anarchy on the one hand, and a more grievous despotism on the other.

In considering some of the means by which the power of mind may be increased, it cannot be too constantly remembered, that the laws of matter, and many of the principles and rules applicable to its control, are here entirely irrelevant. To withdraw the attention from the various and enchanting phenomena without, to the more wonderful but generally unnoticed process continually advancing within, is not, to the great mass, found an easy task. But though difficult at the commencement, it is indispensable to our success in self-improvement, and is rendered by repeated efforts, not only less irksome, but even welcome and delightful.

The very first of the means I mention for increasing the power of mind, is possessing ourselves of a deep and permanent conviction of the superior value of mental over other acquisitions. He will never probably make any considerable advances in the cultivation and improvement of a mind, of the possession of which he remains, willingly, almost unconscious. Nor will he greatly profit by any suggestions for its elevation and efficiency, if he is continually disposed to place sensual gratifications, or even the accumulation of wealth, and the dazzling array of equipage and show, in the first rank of desirable acquisitions. The mind and the heart will feel the power of their own natural associations attracting them irresistibly to the objects of their preference. He cannot, with a becoming relish, use the means of mental discipline and improvement, whose face is always mantled with blushes when he meets one who possesses a few hundreds or thousands more of this world's pelf than himself; who, however degraded may be his intellect, is an object of envy for his pecuniary possessions. But to pour forth the most bitter invectives against this absurd but too common preference, would accomplish very little toward its removal. Still, we may be permitted, with deference, to suggest, that in a country proverbially characterized for the eager prosecution of gain, where no object of emulation is more generally cherished than mammon, which, whether obtained or not, has in so many instances proved the object of a most unholy and debasing idolatry, there may be cause to fear lest the contagious influence of example should supplant whatever of preference we may have felt disposed to award to mental culture, and thus carry us away in the surrounding dense crowd of the votaries of wealth. These considerations suggest the propriety of mentioning, as the first means for increasing the power of mind, this necessary conviction of its superior importance. Now, by whatever process this conviction can be most easily and firmly produced, let it be preëminently and broadly laid, at the very threshold.

Another most essential means of increasing mental power, is to have great objects in view. Superior power of mind is the effect, as much as it is the cause, of aiming at elevated attainments. To fix the mind upon trifling objects will produce a trifling mind; and it is not easy to say how much of what is called genius, is the effect

of steadily contemplating and ardently pursuing degrees of excellence worthy of the human understanding.

The object thus selected, may not, in every instance, be such as would commend the wisdom of its choice to universal approbation. It is sufficient that he who chooses it finds a full justification for his present preference, in the peculiar circumstances which surround him, or the specific purpose which he has in view. The eloquent and philosophical John Foster, in his essay on decision of character, defends the philanthropist Howard from the censure of the mere votaries of taste, who have ventured to complain that, on one of his errands of mercy, he could visit Rome, and, impelled by the consciousness of urgent duty, actually refuse himself time to survey the magnificence of its ruins. He closes the paragraph by remarking of this conduct, that it implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do; and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, may look like insanity.

It was not without a knowledge of the nature of man, that the astronomer in *Rasselas*, who imagined that he governed the winds and presided over the powers of nature, is made to be so profound in his science. Even this partial derangement might, and probably would, conduce to a vigorous acquisition of knowledge, by confining his attention to the subject in which he supposed himself to have so important a part, and so great responsibility. It is the ambitious purpose of high attainment in every thing at once, which has frittered away the force of many minds nobly endowed, and which, if judiciously controlled and directed to the attainment of almost any single object, might not only have reached that goal with comparative ease, but would also have acquired a power or a momentum in that progress, which would afterward have enabled them to enter new fields, and attempt new enterprises, with success.

And here let us suggest, whether the lyceums and various literary and scientific associations, which have been so rapidly multiplied of late, can be reasonably expected to accomplish all the benign results for which they have been instituted, and which seem to lie fairly within their sphere, unless such subordinate divisions of labor and of object be marked out by their members for themselves, as their peculiar taste, capacity, necessity, or any other circumstance, seem to indicate as their appropriate pursuit. That the general institution is, in each case, easily susceptible of such a modification as should allow and facilitate the subordinate organization of classes, for the prosecution of any specific branch of natural or moral science — of forensic exercise, or of combined wisdom and discussion in the great and too long neglected science of instruction — cannot admit of doubt. The results of these investigations would, in many instances, furnish the most appropriate and interesting exercises of the whole association. While the general combination would facilitate and not retard, the several subordinate classes, the parent stock would thus engraft these thrifty branches upon itself, not only for their support, but would also, by their agency, secure its own vigor, and greatly extend its usefulness.



If to have noble and definite objects in view, be an important means of improving and strengthening the mind, then obviously it is an advantage where these objects are proposed in early life. Then the mind will feed upon its most nourishing aliment, and grow great and powerful by the animation, the industry, the fortitude, and hope, which its object produces. Were we furnished with a biography sufficiently minute of those whose intellectual achievements have made their names immortal, we should probably discover, that their minds were early filled with such objects as best fitted them for that specific success which has given them celebrity. Newton, at the age of twenty-two, had sketched the plan of his greatest productions, his *Optics* and *Principia*, and the Roman conqueror, who destroyed the liberties of his country, determined, at the age of sixteen, to be made perpetual dictator. We know, too, at what an early age our own Franklin fixed in his mind the honorable purpose of reaching an elevation to which the thoughts and aspirations of those around him seem never to have been directed. Facts, therefore, confirm the position, that an early proposal of great objects is an effectual aid to the attainment of mental power.

Another means of great importance, is exercise; such as is best adapted to give exact, various, and thorough discipline to the mind. Any one who has not subjected his mental powers to such discipline, though he may have what is called great native strength of mind, will not be able to bring it to bear upon any proposed object, in such a manner as to insure his success. His efforts, when compared with one who had profited by previous discipline, would be like the untrained elephant in battle, equally perilous to friends and foes, rather than like the same noble animal, when properly prepared by preceding exercise, the great means of terror and triumph in ancient war. It would lead us too far into detail, to consider minutely the best plans of mental discipline. The exercise of the different powers of the human mind, with direct reference to some definite object, will undoubtedly secure this discipline most effectually. Whether in so short a life, and with such a variety of objects for our pursuit, which may directly minister to pleasure and utility, it be worth while to spend either time or energy on any which cannot promote these, but are only useful indirectly, by the discipline which they induce, may certainly be questioned, though we by no means hazard an absolute decision. It should not be forgotten, that the best exercise of the judgment is found in those studies which, while they afford sufficient action for the mind, are divested of those considerations which may bias us against, or in favor of, the truths they convey. Such are the mathematics, and several branches of philosophy, and indeed almost all the natural sciences. They are waters deep, clear, and invigorating to the mind. While successfully exploring them, it gains that consciousness of its powers which is indispensable to any noble attempts. It is a mistake which has often proved fatal to such as have enjoyed and profited by the means of early improvement, that the discipline of the mind by those studies which are employed in the first stages of mental culture, may be laid aside when the period has arrived that knowledge is to be applied to use, and the talents exercised in the active pursuits of life. It seems strange, when the

principle is so well established, that the mind must be disciplined by the study of polite literature to cultivate the taste, and by application to mathematics, to strengthen the reasoning powers, and to form habits of close attention, that it should be concluded these studies have no farther use when a collegiate or academic course is finished, and they are no longer forced upon us by the authority of a master. In military life, the success of an actual engagement is deemed dependant on the continuance of frequent discipline in the camp; and for a similar reason, the mind requires the frequent application to its early pursuits. It was the discernment of this which led Tully to exercise himself by declamation after he had become the first orator of Rome, and a former distinguished Chief Justice, of Massachusetts, to begin the day with a diagram, and frequently to preside on the bench, it is said, with Homer by his side. It is a neglect of such auxiliary studies as should sustain and give a persevering tone of high exertion to their minds, which had caused many who were scholars of high promise, and reckoned giants of intellect, to prove mere pigmies in their professions. One who had well considered this perversion, thus exclaims: 'No wonder that lawyers, laying aside their rhetoric, become loquacious; or clergymen, forgetting their logic, turn enthusiasts.'

We shall consider, among other things, in another and concluding number, how far the increase of mental power is favored by attempts at originality; the beneficial influence of religion upon the mind; how its capabilities are strengthened by impediments; why we should desire an increase of its power, and to what end direct it.

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#### COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EUGENE ARAM,' 'ERNEST MALTRAVERS,' ETC.

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By the silent foot of the shadowy hill,  
We slept in our green retreats,  
And the April showers were wont to fill  
Our hearts with sweets:

And though we lay in a lowly bower,  
Yet all things loved us well,  
And the waking bee left its fairest flower,  
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride, to woo  
The wealth of our virgin store,  
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew  
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot  
Where we dwell; and its suns and showers  
Bring balm to our sister's hearts, but not,  
Oh, not to ours!



## TO AN APRIL FLOWER.

DEAR little flower!  
 My heart swells strangely, as I look on thee,  
 When April shower  
 And scanty sunbeams let thy blossoms free,  
 And thy young trusting eye looks up to me!

But, fragile thing!  
 Hast thou the power of the wind-tempest tried?  
 Where wilt thou cling,  
 Or where from danger canst thou hope to hide,  
 When the storm-spirit o'er the earth shall ride!

And if the storm  
 Haply should spare thee, one may wander nigh,  
 And thy fair form,  
 Admired a moment, then cast idly by,  
 Alone, neglected on the ground to die.

And thus ye fade,  
 Bright band of flowers! a day, an hour ye smile,  
 In joy arrayed,  
 And then death comes, and where, fair things! are ye?  
 Beautiful as ye are, oh! who a flower would be!

## EFFECTS OF FAMILIARITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN JENKINS,' 'EDITING AND OTHER MATTERS,' ETC.

As I begin this article, I feel the vast difference between conceiving and executing an intellectual project. Who can do justice to his first vivid impressions of a subject? Whose pen can flee like the courser before the wind, and keep pace with the rapid evolutions of thought? When some time has transpired since we experienced those impressions, the effort to recall them seems like bidding the bloom back to the faded rose. Can you revive the lustre of the meteor's track? Neither can you call back the brilliancy with which a novel thought streamed across your intellectual horizon. The mind's delirious whirl, in the moment of conception, is intensely exciting; but we sit down to write with a placid brow and blood, the demeanor of which would be pronounced exemplary by a jury of ascetics. The difference between the freshness of conception and the coolness of execution, is like the difference between the gay and beautiful coquette of eighteen, and the superannuated miss who has just arrived at the knowledge of the solemn truth that she is marketless. The other night

'As I lay on my bed,  
 Lay dreaming at my ease,'

my mind 'took hold of the subject' on which I am about writing, and in a very few minutes, I had compassed all the mysteries of the topic with an ease, and grace, and truth, which I feel I may not hope to

recall as I write. But with Dr. Johnson for my mentor, (the Doctor told Boswell a man could write at any time, provided he went at it doggedly,) I will essay the task.

There is an old proverb, which teacheth that familiarity breeds contempt. This, like many other 'fragments of former wisdom,' as D'Israeli denominates these sayings, contains scarcely enough truth to leaven it. Indeed, like many of the same family which Charles Lamb has shown up, in most cases to which it would seem applicable, it is a profound fib. Familiarity with the doings of many of our species may, with great propriety, inspire us with contempt for them; but it is also an indispensable preliminary to friendship, love, admiration, and a host of other feelings. But let us have done with general remarks, and come at once to individual instances.

Lying in bed of a boisterous, windy night, within ear-shot of the roar of the sea-gods, one's imagination is very apt to take advantage of the occasion, to fancy how the night fares with those who, like Lear, are exposed to the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.' The angry sea, with its wild garniture of foam and billows, heaves and tosses before the mind, and we see a ship reeling dreadfully to and fro, while the waters make a complete breach over her decks, and the tempest strains and splits the bellying canvass into tatters. One is quite apt, just then, to conclude that 'brave mariners' have a hard time of it, and to expend a very large and very useless amount of sympathy in their behalf. But what care they for the demons who are shrieking above and beneath them? They are accustomed to such scenes, and familiarity contemns the dangers of sky and sea. Our imaginations cause us lubbers, who are blanketted and wrapped up to the chin, more shuddering than the storm awakens in the breasts of the honest tars, who, 'high upon the giddy mast,' sway as securely as doth the young bird in its leafy nest, when the winds shiver its native bough. So also may the same hardihood be affirmed of the soldier. We are not given to fancy much fun on a field of battle, when the bullets are whizzing like hail, smiting to the earth the form of many a good fellow. But how is it with your old campaigner? Does he quake, and is his step unsteady? No! It is his vocation, and after the first round, the blood courseth merrily on its 'winding way' through his veins. He hath no dread of grim carnage; and it seemeth to him more fitting to die of a bullet than a doctor, and to send the soul to its long home to the music of artillery, a better way of 'shuffling off its mortal coil,' than to have it forced out of its fleshy tabernacle by a fever, while surrounded by the dolorous faces of one's kindred. Habit blunts the sense of danger, as well as the sensibility which hath controversy with mint-juleps, and of the sailor, the seaman, and the toper, it may be said, that familiarity hath bred contempt for what appears to us lookers on to be most imminent peril.

Who that has been entranced when hanging over the pages of an admired author, does not feel a sense of awe, similar to that felt by Boswell, when he first met Johnson, when he has been presented to him for the first time? In imagination, the form of a distinguished and as yet unseen writer looms before us like a demi-god. We fancy him a being of marvellous dignity, endowed with wit and intellec-

tual powers, which would cause us to shrink to very pigmies in his presence. It would be pleasant, we think, to look on the god-like brow, and to drink in some of the heavenly eloquence which proceeds from the lips of the oracle. But then how awful to lift up one's own tiny voice, and to speak of one's own accord in such an inspired atmosphere! If Plato would befriend us, as he did Perseus by the loan of his helmet, which would confer invisibility on us, the meeting with such a superior being would be truly edifying. But voluntarily to assume the responsibility of placing our own dwarfish proportions where the sun-like eye of genius can look us through and through, is too dreadful to think of. After various conflicts, and shifting of purposes, however, curiosity gets the whip-end of our timidity, and with a palpitating heart and tremulous knee, we approach the great man. Our bewilderment, for a while, is overwhelmingly great, and would utterly overpower us, but for some resemblance to humanity which the illustrious individual kindly condescends to put forth. We take courage, and look up, and are speedily disenchanted. Then how quickly do our dreams of supernatural gifts vanish! What gay somersets do our expectations throw! We look upon the great man's brow, and it resembleth our own; his voice hath no peculiar music in its tones; and he even deigns to eat and blow his nose, much like other bipeds! We grow bold; we breathe more freely; we open our eyes wide, not fearing immediate blindness, for our temerity, in looking at the intellectual luminary. Our ears are not ravished with notes sweeter than the false syren's. Our minds are not left gazing into the dim distance, at the superior eagle-like thoughts of the genius. The scales fall from the eye; we behold but a man, a compound of strength and weaknesses like ourselves; and we begin to converse with him, without any dread of annihilation. Thus doth familiarity with one whose fame has filled the land, and whose praises are on every lip, convince us that our awful conceptions relative to human greatness are romantic, and that a man of genius is but a modified combination of the very commonest materials that enter into the composition of mortal men.

With what quaking of heart and trembling of nerves do we, for the first time, in fresh-lipped youth, make our obeisance at the shrine of beauty? A beautiful woman is the *ne plus ultra* of all spectacles, to the young and fervid heart. We invest such a being with all the winning attributes of soul and sense. In our visions, we hang entranced on each blue vein that is seen on her transparent brow; her eye is a world of wonder; her cheek and its quick transitions form a visible, though unintelligible, mystery to our speculations; the lips of the enchantress are all that symmetry and music can fashion and fill; and her form is a combination of grace and loveliness. Such an one's mind we deem of too elevated a caste to harbor a thought akin to impurity; and her heart, like some of those blissful regions in South America, is never visited by storms, but is a spot where spring ever smiles, and flowers ever bloom. How incompatible the dross and defilement of common natures seem with such splendors! Our romantic visions reject the suspicion that dirt can defile such deity. We fancy her perfect. We think her heart

is the home of nothing but gentle affections, heavenly hopes, and bland sympathies. Alas, that experience should throw a shadow over the young heart's gorgeous dream of lovely woman! Well, we meet with one in whom are blended all the brilliant hues of our imaginings. It is not surprising that with the recollections of our dreams clinging to us, we should hesitate and falter, when for the first time we approach one who is about to realize in substance all that has been bright and beautiful in our visions. We address her in tremulous tones, and she answers us with kindness. How we hate, just then, that misanthropy which can discover nothing celestial in man nor woman! But anon, 'a change comes over the spirit of our dreams.' We have seen the brow of the beauty clouded, and heard, it may be silliness, it may be scorn, emanate from her lips. We investigate the reasons of her changed aspect. Our conclusion is, that she is not made altogether as the angels are. Gradually the imagined perfections fall from the idol of our hearts, and she appears to us beautiful, it is true, but given to associations which would deepen the deformity of ugliness. We withdraw our worship. We feel that we have been victims of a sweet delusion. We give our adoration to the stars, to flowers; to songs of birds, the glorious ocean, the everlasting mountains; or we concentrate it on some beau ideal of the mind, which leads us afar from the world and its ways. Thus does the magic which, as we stood afar off, appeared the inalienable property of beauty, give way before acquaintance. Familiarity strips romance from what we idolized, and when truth has fully dawned upon our perceptions, we either laugh at our delusions, or mourn to think that we have been deceived.

It is almost invariably the case, that when our expectations have been high, we meet with disappointments. Truth laughs at our imaginings of human perfection. When romance seizes the pencil and draws with rainbow tints the picture of life, it bears but slight resemblance to the canvass which glows with the colors applied by that master artist, Experience. Genius and beauty appear to the dreamer in false lights: the one is hallowed by all that is glorious in thought, and the other wears all that is divine to the fancy. Of course when we meet with their possessors in society, they fail to sustain our expectation. There are unexpected weaknesses connected with the one, and the other is not without blemish. The real conflicts with the shadowy. The man may be greater, and the woman more beautiful, than we imagined, but as they are not as we dreamed them, we turn away unsatisfied. Familiarity lowers our estimate. We stand corrected by truth, and become philosophical, or cling to the starry forms which haunt our visions and become romantic. The effect is to rationalize or to idealize our natures.

Indeed, familiarity is fatal to romance. How many of the splendid imaginings and wild superstitions which poetized the human mind in the morning twilight of knowledge, have been banished from the earth! Science, like a Vandal conqueror, strides on in his career, and strews his path with the wrecks of an elder world. Romance and superstition, those nymphs of the world's morning, seek their caves, and call in their broods, as the sun of knowledge ascends in the heavens. The age of magicians, oracles, and soothsayers is num-

bered with the distant past. Mythology has yielded up its empire; Olympus and Ida are no longer sacred; Nàiads have forsaken Illyssus, and there are no nymphs in the Delphian vale. The horoscope has been falsified by astronomy. The telescope has banished fiction from the stars. Astrology, and its profound professors, the Rosicrucians, Paracelsus and his sidereal influences, are only summoned from their misty tombs to be laughed at. Alchemy is superseded; for we find the philosopher's stone in commerce, and an *elixir vite* in Hygeian pills! Our rejuvenating fountain floweth from Burgundy. Lapland hags no longer cut up their pranks in the face of the stars, and pretty girls are our only dealers in witchcraft. Instead of seeing sylphs sailing on moonbeams, we see them, robed in satin, dancing in the garish light of ball-rooms. The moon has been proved to be — not green cheese. It is strongly suspected that the milky-way, instead of being the path by which the gods go to their homes, is nothing but an infinite assemblage of suns and systems of worlds. Neptune and the Nereids have been drowned. The Hyperborean regions, instead of being wrapped for ever in the thick folds of darkness, are found to be the homes of eternal light, as the sun and moon and aurora very kindly attend alternately to their illumination. The pillars of Hercules are nothing but heaps of stone and dirt. The garden of the Hesperides is out here in glorious old Kentucky. These are but specimens of the changes which our familiarity with earth, sea, and sky has achieved. Hills and valleys, rivers and forests have been invaded by the votaries of science, and disenchanted and depopulated. Romance is adjusting her pinions on the mountain top, preparing to take her flight from earth for ever.

And whither shall the dreamy-eyed nymph flee? To the stars; for while familiarity with the heavens has banished much of the fiction which rapt star-gazers used to dwell on and shudder at, yet it has made us ample recompense in affluent resources for speculation and thought. If the haunts of the human imagination are devastated on earth — if romance is homeless below — they may revel for ever in realms which the telescope has made visible to man. And in this way does science compensate us for all that he destroys. He tears down some of the temples in which men worshipped when the world was young, but for every one which crumbles before his power, ten others, a thousand fold more magnificent, spring up, as by enchantment, on its ruins. If Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars have been rendered useless in foretelling human destinies, the loss is abundantly made up to us by the rings of the first, the satellites of the second, and the belts of the third.

Does familiarity with the heavens breed contempt for their all-engrossing grandeur? To the uninstructed eye, the stars seem but sparks of fire, glittering in the blue immensity above; while to the enlightened vision they are suns, surrounded by worlds, which are the homes of the heirs of immortality. Familiarity with them gives a boundless expanse to the regions of imagination, and imparts the quality of the fabled Phoenix to our enthusiasm. Gaze upon Sirius, contemplate his distance and his magnitude, and then say if he has lost any thing in glorious associations since it has been discovered that he is not merely an index to the rising of the Nile! There is

something touching and poetical in the old idea of the lost Pleiad; but say, have the 'seven sisters,' has that remarkable cluster, suffered aught in 'sweet influences' since, instead of six, the Pleiades have been found to number two hundred stars? The 'bands of Orion' are still beautiful and bright as when they were seen by Job, and as I now gaze at them through my casement, I feel that the telescope is a true friend to poetry. Who would not be familiar with the stars? Who would wish to gaze upon them with the weird faith of the astrologer, or watch their courses in the ignorance which shrouded the speculations of the shepherds on the plains of Shinar? Who would not rather, as he watches them, trace out suns and systems, than, with unanointed eyes, see nothing but spangles on the imperial robe of night? Hazlitt was wrong in saying we should never have another Jacob's dream, because the heavens had gone farther off, and grown astronomical.

Our first impressions of character are stubborn. We are prone to preserve them, as change involves a sacrifice of vanity. Notwithstanding they frequently attain to the strength of prejudices, yet familiarity may banish them. We meet a person casually. There is that about him which excites our dislike — some awkwardness of manner, or ugliness of feature, or rudeness of speech — some word, look or action, which thoroughly disgusts us, and we turn from him with loathing. On some succeeding occasion we are again thrown into his company, and the laws of society compel us to pay him some attention. We approach him, as we approach a dentist when we have the tooth-ache, not from inclination but overruling necessity. He appears under a changed aspect. Our preconceived opinions of his powers of pleasing us give way. Gradually he wins on our admiration. He gains our confidence. We form an attachment for him. He becomes a welcome visitor at our hearth. Familiarity changes our opinions; and we hail a friend in one to whom our feelings were at first decidedly inimical. This is one of the influences of familiarity over our judgments. It also frequently confirms and deepens our first dislikes, particularly if the fellow happens to be brute-like at heart, and Bæotian in the caste of his intellect.

You have had a very dear friend — one who became a sharer of your most sacred confidence. He was indispensable to your happiness. You consulted him on the most important of your interests. With him you roved through the forests, or climbed the hill that overlooks the river which you love. To him you breathed your unexecuted projects of love, literature, or business. Your affections clung to every thing which was part of him. You would have been displeased, if he had changed the swing of his arm. Your attachment extended to his seedy coat. You would have resented an indignity shown his old hat. Indeed you felt that your affection for his good qualities branched out kindly even toward his foibles and his wardrobe. Familiarity had endeared all that was associated with him to your heart. If he changed his residence, you continued to love the house in which you formerly visited him. And thus does familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, fill us with affections for persons and objects. How we love to read 'old familiar faces,' as Lamb terms them. The eye can never be satisfied,



though it has dwelt thousands of times on every lineament. In the same manner we love to look on objects which are most familiar to our sight. Like Goldsmith, we think the horizon which embraces old familiar objects, the most charming the world contains. We love to walk in our old accustomed paths. We think the tree in whose grateful shade we have oftenest reposed, the most beautiful of all that throw their stalwart branches heavenward. The birds sing most sweetly in the groves with which we are best acquainted. The skies are brightest, and the clouds are thickest thronged with gathering and dissolving pictures, which overhang our abiding places. Our slumbers are lightest, and our dreams rosiest, when our heads repose on pillows we have pressed a thousand times. The moonbeams are softest on the island whose every shrub has met our gaze. The flowers are brightest which bloom in the garden beneath our window, and the breezes which wanton over them have a peculiarly delicate way of wafting their rifled sweets to our nostrils. The coquettish little stream that babbles and flirts through well-known woodlands, like a beauty at a ball, has graces that are singularly winning. Streams oftenest seen, murmur the softest melody in our ears. Even as Boreas and his ruthless myrmidons sweep through our accustomed forests, their roar has peculiar intonations, and we fancy 'something exquisite in it.' Such are some of the charms which cluster around our abode, hallowed as it is by familiarity.

Does familiarity with the beauties of nature dull your admiration? Is the hue of the rose, or the fragrance of the sweet briar undervalued by acquaintance? Old ocean's billows never sound listlessly on the ear. Nor do we ever look indifferently on the twilight which lingers in the western heaven. The purple flush on the cheek of morning never grows wearisome to the eye. Mountains around our homes are always majestic. We love the flowers, and the birds, and the 'voices of streams,' more dearly as acquaintance with them lengthens. Stars never grow dim to the astronomer's, or the poet's, or the lover's vision. Moonbeams always dance on rippling waters. The breath of spring is invariably sweet. The Sabbath bells never part with their melody; the oftener we hear them, the more we thank Ben Jonson for having called their sounds the 'poetry of steeples.' And why these effects? Because the objects are all familiar, and familiarity has thrown a thousand hallowed associations around them, and the heart clings to them as portions of its own history.

Music, like wine, improves its flavor by age. One never tires of his sweet-heart's voice. 'Bonnie Doon,' 'John Anderson, my Joe,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Home,' and the like, are sweeter to the sense than any songs of more modern origin, because of our familiarity and long associations with them. As we become familiar with an old author, how we reverence him! How close is the tie which binds old Burton, bachelor and phlegmatic though he was, to our bosoms! When you have read Hamlet for the hundredth time, has he lost the power of interesting you? What a touching feeling is that with which we regard a book over which we have wept or laughed! How a Christian in Catholic countries loves his cross!

how the stricken pilgrim cherishes his Bible, and how the Persian devotee loves the evening star!

Of all the loves which exercise a tyranny over that restless organ which beats in every bosom, that which looks to novelty for its aliment, we consider most pitiful. We are thankful that we have a love for what is old and familiar to us, from an old friend down to the old shoe which hath kindly accommodated itself to our pedal developments. We hate fashion, because it is ceaselessly innovating forms and styles which have become familiar to our eyes. We love the dress of the Quakers, because it changeth not; and we have a peculiar fondness for the smiles and glances which flash on one from beneath the bonnets which adorn the heads of the female members. We cling to an old hat or coat, which is the relic of a bye-gone fashion, with a most sacred tenacity. We have no wife, and scarcely an old sweet-heart, but certainly the love which man cherishes for these heaven-sent blessings, waxeth stronger as years roll over it, if there is any truth in one's observation. We have an undeclared affection for the venerable spiders that have gracefully festooned the rafters of our attic, and we would cordially resent the impiety which would sweep them down. We are fond of yonder long-legged fellow, whom we discover, by the light of our lamp, twitching his fore foot as if he were nervous, for he is an acquaintance of some standing. It may be that it was his grandfather, of whom our memory taketh cognizance, but he evidently hath a familiar look about him, and that is enough to insure our regard. Yes, yes — we are thankful that the love of novelty is not our curse. We go for the old and the familiar, in preference to what is new; for whatever is well understood, takes hold of one's love, if it be lovely in its nature, in proportion to our familiarity with it. Finally, we are familiar with this rude apartment, in which we have dodged rain-drops, and weathered other storms; and nothing but fire, intense poverty, matrimony, or some other equally grievous calamity, shall ever drive us from the shelter of the roof under which we now subscribe ourself, dear reader, your friend and well-wisher.

*Louisville, (Ky.), 1838.*

T. H. S.

#### SONNET.

TO ELIZABETH —, WHOM I MET WITH A FLOWER-POT IN HER HAND.

I saw a maiden carrying a flower —  
 'T was bright and lovely in its virgin bloom,  
 And had an inward incense-breathing power,  
 That filled the air with a most rich perfume.  
 It smiled on every one that passed, and so  
 Did the sweet maiden, bearing it along;  
 They were so like in beauty's modest glow,  
 I knew that to one race they must belong:  
 But oh, the maiden was the fairest far!  
 In woman's angel purity enshrined,  
 Blending the rose-bud with the beaming star,  
 Sweetness of heart with purity of mind:  
 I will not say who that sweet girl might be —  
 I'll only whisper she was much like thee!

C.

## 'I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.'

'It is true there are shadows as well as lights, clouds as well as sunshine, thorns as well as roses; but it is a happy world after all.'

## I.

'I would not live *always*!' — yet 't is not that here  
 There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love;  
 The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,  
 Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above:  
 And dark though the storms of adversity rise,  
 Though changes dishearten, and dangers appal,  
 Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,  
 And a FATHER'S kind providence rules over all.

## II.

'I would not live *always*!' and yet oh, to die!  
 With a shuddering thrill how it palsies the heart!  
 We may love, we may pant for, the glory on high,  
 Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.  
 There are ties of deep tenderness drawing us down,  
 Which warm round the heart-strings their tendrils will weave;  
 And Faith, reaching forth for her heavenly crown,  
 Still lingers, embracing the friends she must leave.

## III.

'I would not live *always*!' because I am sure  
 There's a better, a holier rest in the sky;  
 And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,  
 Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.  
 O visions of glory, of bliss, and of love,  
 Where sin cannot enter, nor passion enslave,  
 Ye have power o'er the heart, to subdue or remove  
 The sharpness of death, and the gloom of the grave!

## IV.

'I would not live *always*!' yet 't is not that time,  
 Its loves, hopes, and friendships, cares, duties, and joys,  
 Yield nothing exalted, nor pure, nor sublime,  
 The heart to delight, or the soul to employ;  
 No! an angel might oftentimes sinlessly dwell  
 Mid the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given;  
 And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,  
 To the pure 't is the emblem and gate-way of heaven.

## V.

'I would not live *always*!' and yet, while I stay  
 In this Eden of time, 'mid these gardens of earth,  
 I'd enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may,  
 And gain with their treasures whate'er they are worth:  
 I would live, as if life were a part of my heaven,  
 I would love, as if love were a part of its bliss,  
 And I'd take the sweet comforts, so lavishly given,  
 As foretastes of that world, in portions, in this.

## VI.

'I would not live *always*!' yet willingly wait,  
 Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam,  
 Ever ready and girded, with spirits elate,  
 To obey the first call that shall summon me home.  
 O yes! it is better, far better, to go  
 Where pain, sin, and sorrow can never intrude;  
 And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,  
 And expecting the BETTER, rejoice in the good.

New-York, March, 1838.

WILLIAM CUTLER.

## MY TABLETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTHING ELSE IN PARTICULAR.

WHY, at those times when a serious aspect would best become us — when the spirit of sadness is on all around, and we would fain conform to the pervading influence — arises ever before us some merry thought, like a grinning ape, to mock our lengthened visage? Why, if we are indeed sentient, recognisable beings, having power over ourselves, for good or for evil, are we thus subservient to the elements within? Philosophers, in seeking a cause for this out-of-time perception of the ludicrous, have termed it 'hysteria!' Well, if an uncontrollable disposition to a hearty laugh in the wrong place be indeed a disease, and to be overcome by aught within the range of *materia medica*, commend me to a doctor!

'Oh! thou who art greatly mad, deign to spare me the lesser mad-man!' — would doubtless have been the response of her for whom, last night, my heart so overflowed with sympathy. And then too, when prompted by the spirit of pity, I flung aside cap and bauble, to don the friar's hood, and mutter '*Pax vobiscum!*' brief time did Folly grant for the perpetration of a seriousness, ere she again shook her bells in my ear, and brushed the hood from my face with her coxcomb.

There, beneath the silken draperies, amid the blaze of light, the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, the bright and beautiful around, she stood, like a being of eld. Dwarfish in stature, and monstrosly hump-backed; with a head of immense size, ill set upon a neck not larger than the arm of a child. Her years might have been fifteen or fifty! You could not read their record in her face, for there were united the hue of youth, and the wrinkles of age! Robed in black, and without ornament, save a dazzling gem upon her forehead, she seemed the embodied remembrance of a fairy tale.

'Ah!' thought I, 'poor unfortunate! why are you here? Your home may be a sunny place; kind sisters may minister unto you, and your couch be smoothed by the soft hand of maternal affection; the path of your passing hours may be strewn with roses; but here, here you can feel nought but their thorns! In that breast are garnered up all a woman's hopes, and sweet affections. Love! — great God! never, never to be returned! A blighted, cankered, wasting heart must you bear within you to the grave! Silent and alone, will it beat itself to rest, and none will heed its countless, countless throbbings!'

In short, I had by regular gyrations wound myself to the very apex of sentiment, and was ready upon the summit to deluge all around with my tears.

Still silent and abstracted, she stood gazing on the dancers; and crossing the room, I paused beside her. 'Ah!' thought I, 'the brightest flowers have not always the sweetest perfume, and the true gem lies oftenest in the leaden casket.'

What could she be thinking of? — her gaze so intently following

the mazes of the dance? The waltz! How her eyes sparkled! She turned to me suddenly, and said: 'Do you dance?' 'Yes,' gasped I, feeling at the moment something like a shock of electricity. 'I think of employing a master of the art, to give me some instruction,' rejoined she. 'See! see! how graceful! Oh, I know I should dance well, I'm *so* fond of it!' What a climax! Here was one for whom I had made myself miserable, for a mortal half hour, because she possessed not the beauty of those around her, quite content with the world and herself, and thinking of learning to dance! The sudden transit of feeling from the sublime to the ridiculous, was irresistible, and — heaven forgive me! — I laughed outright.

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'Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior.'

How incomprehensibly is the love of country interwoven with our natures, and what a power does it exercise over our hearts! Home! It is the exile's hope, though he dwell in lands gorgeous as the fabled East! It is the weary traveller's guiding-star — the goal to which the mariner speeds o'er the bounding wave his dashing prow.

I reside in the house with an elderly English lady — 'a half French, better half English woman,' as 'Elia' says — whose *amor patriæ* a childhood passed in 'la belle France,' and a forty years' residence in America, has not in the least degree diminished, and with whose Saint-George-and-the-Dragon notions I am inclined to quarrel a dozen times a day, while she, I believe, looks upon my independent ideas — my disregard of rank, and refusal to bow to any but the aristocracy of mind — with utter astonishment. Boasting a descent from the nobility of England, and on the maternal side, even from royalty itself — reared in the very precincts of the court of Louis the Sixteenth — still remembering the land of her birth, and abhorring every thing un-English, as foreign — she has from infancy looked upon 'that gilded toy a king,' and upon the pomps and vanities attendant on that state, with almost religious reverence; the greater, perhaps, from the recollection, that on coming to the 'land of liberty,' she was led by the republican arguments of love, to cast off the bonds of maternal restraint, and the rank she did inherit, and to a lowly fortune link her high estate; that estate to which, like the saline wife of the patriarch, she is ever looking longingly back. In our frequent conversations, my reasonings, I am convinced, seem to her to savor of that revolution, of whose horrors she retains a vivid remembrance.

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SPEAKING of *amor patriæ*. Some years since, journeying, in the intense month of July, through a part of New-England, our driver stopped before a country inn, for the purpose of watering his horses. It was on the anniversary of the 'glorious Fourth,' and the whole village wore a true holiday aspect. Upon a large green fronting the inn, was erected an arbor of boughs, beneath which was spread a table, whereon traces of feasting yet remained, and where sat men, in that extreme 'o-be-joyful' state, so well befitting the occasion. As the

coach drove up, one arose, and making a great effort to maintain a sober face, and his equilibrium, gave a toast, 'The Fair Sex!' in compliment probably to the ladies of our party, which was received with astounding acclamations; and as a 'gentleman' rolled from his seat, another, in regimentals of the cut of 'seventy-six,' arose, and swaying now this way, now that, held out a brimming bumper, and exclaimed: 'Fel' citizens! I give you JOHN BULL! If ever ag'in he dares to set his foot in this land, to invade it, may Uncle Sam beat him, till he beats his head off!'

I HAVE had a few thoughts on ambition, and some of its varieties. 'He fills his space with deeds, and not with lingering years,' who, like the Spartan Lyncurgus, lives but for the glory, and dies for the welfare, of his country. His was a noble, a self-sacrificing ambition.

The ambition of Brutus was wicked and selfish. 'Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more,' he says in his address to the people. No such thing! 'As he was *ambitious*, I slew him!' Even so! '*Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est*;' and o'er the fallen Cæsar hoped the patriot Brutus to rear the column of his own imperious desires. The disposition has not perished with the Roman. The world hath yet many a Brutus.

The weak yet aspiring ambition of one who overrates himself, was his, who, at the Natural Bridge, climbed nearly up its two hundred feet of rocky side, and there, hanging between the parapet and the abyss — the earth and loose stones crumbling from beneath his feet — sought far, far above all others, to write his name upon the enduring height. Unable, from terror, to accomplish his object, he had inevitably fallen from his lofty perch, but for the kindly aid of a rope, and a helping hand tendered him from above, by which, almost paralyzed with affright, he was drawn to the top in safety.

That of the clown, in Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' who was desirous of enacting the whole play himself, from the 'Lion,' even to 'Wall,' or 'Moonshine,' was a grasping and all-conquering ambition. Had he been born to empire, he had doubtless been an Alexander.

A laudable ambition was his, whose adventure is recorded in an interesting little work, entitled 'Mother Goose's Melodies.' He was evidently, from the tenor of the story, a fisherman. None of your Isaac Walton sort of person, sitting all the day long beside a brook, and angling with flies for trout. No! He disdained even a cod, or a halibut, or any such small fry, as all too mean for his vast purpose. He went boldly down to the sea-side, and there, with a surpassing grandeur of imagination, he

'Baited his hook with a dragon's tail,  
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whale!'

This was true ambition. Commend me to the man whose aim is to excel in his vocation.

And he too was ambitious, in a kindred way, who, in an extreme western state, replied to one who asked him, far in the old solemn



wilderness, where his house was : 'Umph !' said he, '*house*, eh ? I a'n't one o' *them* kind. No, no ! I sleep o' nights in the big government purchase, eat raw bear and buffalo, and drink out o' the Mississippi !' Like Daniel Boon, he was ambitious of 'elbow-room,' and heartily detested those losel scouts, who were crowding round him, some not more than a hundred miles off !

TIME was, ere Babel was my habitation, and unbounded leisure my heritage ; ere the green and palmy days of youth had ripened into womanhood, or ere I, athirst, bent for a draught at Helicon, and the sweet face of Poësy gleamed up to me through the bright waters ; when Broadway to me was not, and this proud city was the Utopia of mine imagination ; when I, an untravelled, unsophisticated villager, ambitious of a character for notability, like the little busy bee, 'improved each shining hour.'

When I, a lesser orb, under the tutelage of my maternal planet, shone in the household as 'cook's oracle, and house-keeper's assistant,' and an infallible regenerator of superannuated indescribables. What time I, emulous of Atlas, the great globe-bearer himself, took my world of duties lightly upon my back, and in my circumscribed sphere, sped on through time and space, with a velocity comparable to his — the worthy sometime proprietor and wearer of the famous seven-league boots — shadowless Master Peter Schemil ! Ah, me ! and have I then shot from my sphere of usefulness, to become here 'a voice, and nothing more ?'

Our life ! Is it not as the banquet of the ancient Egyptians, where the skeleton PRESENT is ever before us ? And from that hidden Isis, the FUTURE, who hath ever raised the veil ? But '*Vive la Bagatelle !*'

I am not sad — the world for me  
Twirls on its axis merrily :  
No grave M. D. prescribes my diet,  
My couch yields rest — sweet dreams and quiet :  
My heart feels not its weight of years,  
It hath high hopes — it hath no fears ;  
But this deep impress it doth bear,  
The names of dear friends graven there.

MUSIC ! To the sound of a barrel-organ, my heart bounds with the monkey, its usual accompaniment, or swells with a jews-harp, or one of the thousand strings. But wo is me ! Would that mine habitation were in the skirts of Jericho, rather than thus, next door to, and separated from, by a very thin partition, that of a family of musical young ladies, whose ear-torturing 'executions' I am doomed to suffer, from morning to night ! There they go ! '*U-na vo-ce po-ca fa !*' — piano and voice each in its own independent half dozen keys, with flats and sharps, *ad libitum*. Surely they were taught in chaos, ere time was — or ere the spheres were tuned to harmony — or ere 'the morning stars sang together !' M. E. H.

## MARKS OF TIME.

AN infant boy was playing among flowers ;  
 Old TIME, that unbribed register of hours,  
 Came hobbling on, but smoothed his wrinkled face,  
 To mark the artless joy and blooming grace  
 Of the young cherub, on whose cheek so fair  
 TIME smiled, and pressed a rosy dimple there.

Next Boyhood followed, with his shout of glee,  
 Elastic step, and spirit wild and free  
 As the young fawn, that scales the mountain height,  
 Or new-fledged eaglet in his sunward flight ;  
 TIME cast a glance upon the careless boy,  
 Who frolicked onward with a bound of joy !

Then Youth came forward ; his bright glancing eye  
 Seemed a reflection of the cloudless sky !  
 The dawn of passion, in its purest glow,  
 Crimsoned his cheek, and beamed upon his brow,  
 Giving expression to his blooming face,  
 And to his fragile form a manly grace ;  
 His voice was harmony, his speech was truth —  
 TIME lightly laid his hand upon the youth.

Manhood next followed, in the sunny prime  
 Of life's meridian bloom ; all the sublime  
 And beautiful of nature met his view,  
 Brightened by Hope, whose radiant pencil drew  
 The rich perspective of a scene as fair  
 As that which smiled on Eden's sinless pair ;  
 Love, fame, and glory, with alternate sway,  
 Thrilled his warm heart, and with electric ray  
 Illumed his eye, yet still a shade of care,  
 Like a light cloud that floats in summer air,  
 Would shed at times a transitory gloom,  
 But shadowed not one grace of manly bloom.  
 TIME sighed, as on his polished brow he wrought  
 The first impressive line of care and thought.

Man in his proud maturity came next ;  
 A bold review of life, from the broad text  
 Of Nature's ample volume ! He had scanned  
 Her varied page, and a high course had planned ;  
 Humbled ambition, wealth's deceitful smile,  
 The loss of friends, disease, and mental toil,  
 Had blanched his cheek, and dimmed his ardent eye,  
 But spared his noble spirit's energy !  
 God's proudest stamp of intellectual grace  
 Still shone unclouded on his care-worn face !  
 On his high brow still sate the firm resolve  
 Of judgment deep, whose issue might involve  
 A nation's fate. Yet thoughts of milder glow  
 Would oft, like sunbeams o'er a mound of snow,  
 Upon his cheek their genial influence cast,  
 While musing o'er the bright or shadowy past :  
 TIME, as he marked his noblest victim, shed  
 The frost of years upon his honored head.

Last came, with trembling limbs and bending form,  
 Like the old oak scathed by the wintry storm,  
 Man, in the last frail stage of human life ;  
 Reason's proud triumph, passion's wild control,  
 No more dispute their mastery o'er his soul !  
 As rest the billows on the sea-beat shore,  
 The war of rivalry is heard no more ;  
 Faith's steady light alone illumines his eye,  
 For TIME is pointing to ETERNITY !

## SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

## AGE THIRD.

'And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.'

THE youth that but yesterday was an infant, and just now a school-boy, is already before us as a lover. Our life is a shadow. Our 'seven ages' are soon told. They pass as rapidly as the incidents in the story of the bean, which little Jack planted, and saw grow, in a few nights, quite out of sight. Our life, too, like this famous bean, bears events, and concludes histories, not second in strangeness and importance to the castles and giants which the latter supported on its slender stalk; for, though fragile and fleeting, our life is the beginning of an eternity: the 'ages' all tend to this, and the 'history' proceeds.

Adieu, ye innocent pastimes of boyhood! — the ball, the kite, the skate, the top, the hoop, two-'ole cat, leap-frog, and going-in-a-swimming! Welcome to your duties, moonlight, night damps, corrosive thought, attempts to shave, a stiff stock, and tight boots! The youth 'now brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?' 'He rubs himself with civet, and is melancholy;' in short, he is in love. Who has done this? What spell is cast upon his open spirit? What power bends his head, and why muses he by streams? His horse, his gun, are neglected. He joins not the chorus at the dinner; he remembers not the text at church; he looks not at the parson. Ah! those bright eyes in the gallery have done his business! — those eyes, so soft that but for the eye-brows that arch so gracefully above them, and give them character and force, could never strike so deep a wound. Henceforth, our school-boy is a man.

In considering this chapter of man, we would prepare the reader for serious conclusions. We have not here to deal with love-letters and Cupid's darts, pretty feet and ankles, nor any of the common flirtations which, as to any effect upon the character, are mere froth and wind. No. Poor fellow! look at him; he 'sighs like furnace,' and suffers enough without our ridicule. A vast change is going on within him — a chemical change; and latent heat is evolved, and rolled up through his breast, and out at his mouth and nose, drawing tears from his eyes, and almost blood from his heart. He is suffering an eruption of certain newly-formed combinations, and presents to the by-standers a volcanic appearance. In the passage from boy to man, none escape this trial. Bachelor or husband, all are destined once to 'sigh like furnace.'

Ordinarily, some token of the coming change is evinced. Large boys and collegians have sweet-hearts, openly and proclaimedly, and begin 'to brush their hats o' mornings,' and to perfume. As the mountain warns the inhabitants upon its sides, by bellowing, and noise, and smoke, of the approaching crisis of melted stones and earths, about to devastate its surface, so these fopperies and fool-

eries are tokens of a no less fiery eruption; and as the one changes the whole face of a country, so the other discovers new features in the character. Sometimes, in the male youth, a passionate love for dogs and horses is the smoke that portends a fire, while in the female, quick tears, sudden resolutions to walk in the street, and to be less regardful of dress than is usual — smiles and sadness, unaccountable and mysterious — show that a change is at hand. The future poetic lover will often show it, in regard for inanimate objects, a favorite spot, a plant, a book. Great amativeness of temperament will, at this time, be apt to fix itself to things, with life and warmth. In the first, love will be a genial glow, that shall ripen his nature, and fertilize his mind. In the latter, it will be a tornado of passion, full of gusts, and squalls, and shipwreck, hurrying him to unripe enjoyments, and forbidden scenes.

Bulwer says finely, in *Ernest Maltravers*: 'Nine times out of ten, it is over the bridge of sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.' This is the notion of Shakspeare, modernized.

Now it often happens in these affairs — yes, nine times out of ten — that our 'lover' fixes himself as a worshipper at the shrine of some one older than himself. The youth at eighteen or twenty loves the full-blossomed rose of twenty-two or twenty-four. School-misses are too fond of laughing, to appear to have any serious feelings, and young lovers are very solemn. He loves with the devotion of an idolater. He loves the richness, the fulness, the ripeness, of his mistress. Her careless laughter has become tempered to winning smiles, and her sweet seriousness feeds his sad passion. He thinks it is a melancholy sympathy with his fate; for having read that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' he is already preparing himself for a catastrophe. Reason, too, tells him that it all must come to nought. Passion, love of love, urges him on. 'He sucks in melancholy as a weasel sucks eggs.' It nourishes him. He hopes against hope, and conforms to his fate.

Happy may he consider himself, who gives his early romance of feeling, (we will not call it love, in the apostolic sense,) to a worthy object; one who can appreciate the part she has to act toward these young enthusiasts. Woman is never so worshipped, as by those younger than herself. No influence is so powerful as that she may exert over her admirer — none so salutary to him. None can so ripen his taste, his love of elegance and refinement. None can so shield him from the corrupting examples of the world. She will give a meaning to his studies, and the idea of beauty in his mind will call up in him a respect for the beautiful in nature and morals. He will revolt at vice, and recoil from the suggestions of sense. Wherever he is, his divinity is present with him. She is veiled in the cloud, and whispers to him in the breeze. He dreams of her by night, and the thought of her by day gives a tinge of romance to the most common and laborious pursuit. He writes a 'ballad' to her

eye-brow, or to her glossy hair; he paints the rose on her cheek, (for ourselves we do not like red cheeks,) or dwells upon the sweetness of her lips; but it is a 'woful ballad,' for his instinct tells him that she will love another. He knows she ought not to love him; he never expected she would. If she could condescend to that — to love him — to bend from the throne of her peerless beauty, to give to him those harvest charms! Ah, no! He only pleads to admire, to worship, to adore. Man never really loves his superior, nor woman her inferior. When the former occurs, it is idolatry, which never thinks of matrimony, not love.

'And now the day, the hour has come,' when our 'lover' must wake from this trance of youth, and wake he will, like Rip Van Winkle on the mountains, to find all changed. The lady may meet her 'true love,' or he may force open the secret by a hasty avowal, in some hour of mad passion, or may wake naturally, as one wakes from sleep, when he has got enough. There are ways enough to break our youthful dreams. Then despair and thoughts of suicide may be in his mind, while one might count an hundred, and then a flood of tears, long or short, according to the secretions. He already feels better. For the succeeding three months, he will be much by himself, and spend his hours in reading, walking, thinking. Our 'lover' is rather shy of women, and he is become reserved. He has something he does not tell to any. Still he is sorrowful in his cheerfulness, and his smiles are efforts to conceal tears. He grows apace. How ripe his thoughts! How manly his deportment! How respectful to women! In a year or so, our 'lover' will make a capital husband.

We commiserate those who mistake passion for love, and who hurry into matrimony with those whom nature only intended as instruments to fit them for marrying somebody else. This is no injustice to women; for the benefit is often mutual. Women have as much need to undergo this discipline, as men. Very false, then, is the course of those parents who immure their daughters within walls, and teach them to regard a man, unless the one chosen by themselves for a husband, as a kind of dangerous animal. How can a woman be likely to select a proper mate for herself, when any male person whom she may chance to meet, immediately, from her ignorance, becomes invested with a mystery which may easily be nourished into passion by a warm imagination? Perhaps it is not saying too much to affirm, that most unhappy connections in marriage are the result of passion, falsely denominated love. The less of passion in matrimony, the better. Life then, if not wedded bliss, is serene confidence, and respectful affection. Passion, from its very nature, must subside; and it is better that it be experienced in a harmless love affair, and be suffered to evaporate, like a tight-corked soda bottle, drawn forcibly, in foam and sparklings, than to ooze away gradually in wedded bonds, like the same beverage, with a leaky cork, which soon becomes a stale and insipid dose, even for the thirsty.

There is hardly to be found a common saying, which has not some sense at the bottom of it; and though the one we are about to quote contains abhorrent associations, yet for the reasons above noted, it is, in a sense, true. It is said, that 'a reformed rake makes the best

husband.' Why, except that, if he marry at all, he commits the act without passion? Very imaginative men make poor marriages, generally, because they wed upon the spur of the occasion. If we had by us D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' we might fill pages with sorry anecdotes to this point. Patterns for good wives are found, oftener than any where else, at the tables of those who have married some years after the 'age' of writing 'woful ballads to their mistress' eye brow,' in a calculating spirit, and with a fair balance of profit and loss. This may be a revolting doctrine to those who are yet in the swaddling clothes of inexperience; but as matrimony is to be judged a benefit or disadvantage, according as it produces happiness or misery, we prefer to offend romance rather than fact.

There is great choice in the circumstances under which the lover must be educated for the husband. He must not learn disgust and hate for women; for, take them all in all, they are potent sweeteners of life. He must not learn *his* early sorrow at the hands of a coquette, who will joy in her conquest, and perhaps excite revenge in his bosom. A young man may learn a great deal about his social nature, and arrive at very considerable knowledge of the sex, by an engagement brought about by friends and aunts, under the approbation of parents. This is the hot-house culture of love. In this case, he may be entitled to privileges. He may take the lady's arm under his own, in coming from church, and in walking Broadway. He may visit her at any hour between eleven A. M., and ten P. M.; lounge upon her sofa, wear a silk pocket-handkerchief, and go unperfumed. He may give advice about walking-shoes, insist upon a shawl, help on with India-rubbers, and other occasional gear. A young man of sober blood, (none but second-rate men ever submit to this training,) will grow amazingly in this course. Such an one will soon be cured of smoking, ultra whisks, or any other extravagance. He will be considered a 'safe man,' and the old merchants, if his father-in-law-to-be is rich, will notice him not a little. The prudent and cold will say he 'is a nice young man,' and every body will pretend to take a deep interest in him, and at the same time feel for him — nothing. A sober serenity shall indeed crown his days, for a season, but he may not thus know the sweetness of the poet's love. Dear is the secret treasure of the heart; and how like heavenly music does that voice sound, that we have run risks to hear! What ecstasy like that short stolen interview, the work of months, the precursor of years of separation — a meeting and a parting in a breath; when tears and smiles are commingled on the cheek, like summer sunshine cooled by summer showers? No; he may not even have the excitement of a quarrel, or the stimulus of a jealous pang; and when the explanation comes, if happily it does come at all, it will be a very orderly affair, and the breaking such feeble bonds will not strain a muscle.

But let it not be thought there is no romance in life, because we contend for the wearing away of this early enthusiasm of passion. The romance of reality, the romance of good sense, is the deepest, the fullest, the highest of all. That is not romance which hurries a young man into the arms of his mistress, and brings both to disappointment and poverty. It is merely nonsense and folly — short-



sightedness and rashness. It is thought that we must be uncommon, to be romantic, no matter how false and unnatural our position. Novelty of circumstance is often mistaken for romance. In love affairs, some, therefore, run away; a lady marries her footman; a master his maid-servant. The mistake in these people is, that though they make the world stare, and sometimes laugh, the actors are aware of their true relation all the time; and the end of the play having come, the curtain, whether of green or dimity, having fallen, the trial begins. Goldsmith never said a wiser thing than his remark, 'that he is a great fool who measures his happiness by what the world thinks of it;' and we complain that there is so much got-up-romance in love and matrimony, so much acting, so much regard to what the world will say, in a matter so entirely private in its nature. It is not infrequent to find the characters in the latest novels and poems being acted out, with much straining and effort, in the very world we walk in. We go to the theatre, and shed tears with the fictitious characters before us; but our eyes are not blinded with grief, because we know it is 'all in fun.' The very next day we have a real *fac simile* of this unreal distress, in which the actors are only kept from crying themselves, because they have the excitement of playing a part. The pageant of the funeral keeps the mourners' eyes dry. It is only at home that we feel sorry.

When a woman of sense — let her have beauty too, (and she will, of some sort, if she be sensible and amiable,) gives her heart to a man of established character, who perhaps has 'sighed like furnace' and got over his fever, and been out in the world to struggle for his place and his reputation; one who has kept his feelings for woman pure by his chasteness, and not mingling too much with them, there is a romance acted; but it is all inside, in the heart. The arrangements for the wedding are made without flutter, and our gentleman, about the right time, walks with composed and dignified step to the house of his betrothed, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. There is no giggling to hide tears, but some honest laughter; there are no melancholy faces, for it is a contract reason approves. There is something natural about it. He takes his wife like a man who walks by day-light. There are no glorious uncertainties here; this is no love-in-a-cottage business. The romance, the delight, we feel in thinking of such a case is, that a man has had the force of character to work his way to deserve the respect of a sensible woman, and to put himself in a situation to repay her affection; that he has subdued his passions to his reason; that he is the oak around which woman, the ivy, may bind its caressing tendrils, and be lifted by it into sunshine. How can you associate that beautiful idea of Irving's with one of the very romantic, dapper little matches of the season? Year goes on after year; still husband and wife are always together, an union of heart and mind. Now it is, that the world wonders; now they are called 'the romantic couple' — 'love each other so' — 'nothing like it.'

Probably the romance Shakspeare meant to satirize, cannot and ought not to be found in present civilized life, where his language is spoken. That romance of passion the poets love, where life is valueless without woman's smile; that admiration of beauty, which

nerved the arm of the young knight, who gloried to do battle for any petticoat, is extinct; partly because woman is capable of taking some care of herself, and castles are left unguarded. Indeed, our present state of civilization is founded upon a surrender of our tastes and passions to reason and law, no less than the giving up certain privileges for certain protection in life and property. We tacitly agree to conform to general rules in courtship and marriage. Hence the poet and novelist are driven to tell what people think and feel in love, rather than what they do and say; so that romance is the 'history of mind' more truly now, than when it was said to be so, by some great man.

The manner of wooing among the aborigines of our country is delicate and respectful, and what is meant by the term romantic. The lover seats himself near the wigwam of his mistress, and during the long night, pours out the constancy and sincerity of his passion through the reed. The air is monotonous, and plaintive, and full of devotion. We all know how long this devotion lasts. They trap their squaws with music and promises, and make them slaves. The most ardent lovers do not always make the best husbands; and though one may 'sigh like furnace,' and write sonnets to his mistress' eye-brow,' still such eruptions of passion are safest at a distance; and the volcano can only be approached with pleasure and success, when the fire is well smothered.

The age we have endeavored to illustrate, is deeply interesting to the old and the young. The former love to look back upon its fervid interests and wild excitements; perhaps to philosophize upon the passions, and perhaps to find their present safety the result of some sad experience. The latter grow strong in hope, as they feel swelling in their bosoms the energies that begin to pant for action. With the world all before them where to choose, and a self reliance worthy of chivalrous days, no period of life awakens warmer sympathies than that of youth, full of ardor, of generosity, and devotion. But the young man must take care, lest like him who left the caravanserai early in the morning, and was lured from his path by the flowers and syren songs about him, until night set in, and despair took possession of his soul, he also shall sit down and weep bitterly over a too improvident haste, and rash yielding to his impulses.

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PHYSICAL AND MORAL EPIDEMICS.

THE faults, alas! or follies of a friend,  
We catch and copy, though we can't commend;  
As to his virtues, if these e'er create  
A rival effort, 't is constrained or late;  
These we commend, indeed, but seldom imitate.

Too closely here the body apes the mind;  
Ills, ailments, maladies of every kind,  
From all around us, we contract with ease:  
But, sons of Galen! who shall count your fees,  
Could ye but render health as catching as disease!

## L I N E S .

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'Quisque suæ fortunæ faber est.'

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BLAME not the stars nor destinies —  
 In thine own hand thy prowess lies;  
 Thy map of life review!  
 The march was plain, but thou, beguiled  
 By some short cut, or prospect wild,  
 Hast wandered from the true.

Self-pride, of good and ill the source,  
 Still prompts again the tortuous course  
 Of error to begin;  
 Blames, for the ruin and the rout  
 Of all our hopes, the foe without,  
 Not the false friend within.

What wonder if thy bark, the sport  
 Of winds and waves, outrun the port,  
 And havoc all o'erwhelm,  
 If passions, sent to swell the gale,  
 But not to steer, or trim the sail,  
 Drive reason from the helm.

c.

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 O R I E N T A L F R A G M E N T S .

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF A TRAVELLER IN THE EAST: BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

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 N U M B E R   T H R E E .
 

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ENTRY INTO CULTIVATED EGYPT. — FEBRUARY 25. — The narrow strip of land by which we again entered Egypt, imperfect as its state of cultivation was, possessed a thousand charms, after the dreary solitudes of the deserts we had been traversing, when passing through the villages of Fishkel, Ertabi, Toll, Sheick-Abou-Nashaba, Toll-Kebeer, and Toll-Souheer — none of which are marked in the latest and fullest maps — we halted at Gouraim, to refresh, and were, as usual, soon surrounded by the villagers.

These people formed a link of union between the Bedouins and Fellahs, being neither absolutely wanderers or cultivators, though occasionally participating in the habits of both. Their villages or camps, for they might be called either, with the same propriety, were merely enclosures of dourra canes, without roofs, and afforded even less shelter from the sun and wind than the goat's hair tent of the inhabitants of the desert, their possessors being no longer stationary than during the season of cultivation, and changing their places of abode with the mode of their employment.

The Nilé reaches this narrow valley during the height of the inundation only, and for the remainder of the year, their supplies of water are obtained from wells; the water, however, is of an inferior quality, for the purposes of agriculture, to the fertilizing waters of

the river, and as it often fails altogether during the heats of summer, they have only a single harvest in the year. Their implements of husbandry are of the most simple kind; ploughs are not in use among them, and the ground is both opened for seed by a rudely-formed hoe, and harrowed by the same instrument, when the seed is sown. Poor as those villagers are, however, they pay to the pacha's agents about eight-tenths of their gain; and suffer, in addition, the tyrannizing extortion of the soldiery who are sent among them to collect it.

During the frugal meal which we made before the openings of their cane huts, a number of diseased children were brought to us covered with scrofulous eruptions, as our guide and companions now made no scruple of saying that we were strangers and learned men; and as I had invariably found it on all similar occasions, it was so impossible to persuade these people of our not being physicians, that a recommendation of some simple remedy was necessary, to release ourselves from their importunity.

On resuming our journey, we passed through villages to which no other name was attached than that of the Sheick who presided over each, and which consequently changed its appellation with every successive head, or ruling elder. In several of them were corn-pits for the laying up their harvests of grain, the poverty of the people not enabling them to build either barns or sheds; and along our whole route, the very ground, now covered with huts of misery, was strewn with granite fragments of those days of magnificence when opulent cities held the place of villages; when splendid temples were more abundant than well-built dwellings in the present day.

It was nearly sunset when we reached the village of El Abassa, and as it was the residence of a Turkish commandant, we repaired thither, and were well received. This soldier, being himself an invalid, from the diseases of dissipation, was assisted in the exercise of his professional extorting duties, by a more active companion; and, happily for themselves, no two brethren in arms could be better matched in disposition, if their expressed sentiments and opinions could be admitted as a fair criterion.

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EL ABASSA TO BALBEIS. — FEBRUARY 26. — It was with great difficulty we could obtain a release from the pressing solicitations of those brother soldiers to remain with them another night, and nothing but the most determined perseverance, with many grave reasons to prove the importance of our proceeding on, would have succeeded in carrying our point. We breakfasted with them, however, after morning prayers and ablutions, and, accompanied by one of them on horseback, we made together the circuit of the village.

As the site of the ancient Thaubastus, it possesses no remains of its former greatness, excepting a few scattered shafts of marble columns, some blocks of granite, and heaps of loose rubbish. The Nile extends itself here during the height of the inundation only, and the grounds are watered during the other portion of the year from wells, which yield a pure and limpid water, little inferior to that

of the river itself. The population of the village exceeded five thousand, and the sole employment of all classes was husbandry.

On departing from El Abassa, we entered on a fine road running through palm-groves and gardens, and enclosed on each side by a mud wall, opening occasionally into beautiful and extensive views of the country, which were delightful in themselves, independent of the additional charm they derived from the contrast with the scenery of our desert route. Among the novelties were brick-kilns, said to have been formerly worked, but now in ruins, being deserted for the want of fuel, and from finding the unburnt earth formed into bricks and dried in the sun, to answer all the purposes of building, as well as possessing a durability equal to the life of the builder, beyond which there are few encouragements to provide. Fields and gardens were also here enclosed, contrary to the general practice throughout Egypt, on account of the portions of sand which are here, on the edge of the desert, interspersed over the face of the ground, and which, if not shut out by walls, would cover the cultivated surface, and destroy the verdure, upon the slightest agitation of the wind.

Among the villages lying in our road, and not enumerated in Arrowsmith's latest and best map, were El-Khirbi-Hassenat, El-Karachisa, and El-Mishat. We passed, also, over the spot marked by that geographer as the site of Heroöpolis, on the very edge of the plain, which, it is true, displays all the usual characteristics of an ancient settlement in ruins, but, from a variety of considerations, there appears greater reason to fix on the remains of the city at Abou-Keshabe, in the midst of the desert, as those of Heroöpolis, because it agrees more consistently with the situation assigned to it by Strabo and Ptolemy, and renders the history of the Israelites' departure from Egypt, and journey to the Red Sea, more reconcilable in the material facts of time and distance, as well as corresponding with the local situation mentioned as the point of their departure, by the writer of that history himself, Moses. The whole of the country through which our road lay, offered a succession of agreeable prospects, and soon after noon, having ridden at a quickened pace, we reached Balbeis.

The reputation of this town, as the provincial capital of the Shar-kieh, or eastern province of Lower Egypt, and the station of the Syrian caravans, was sufficient to induce the expectation of a large and populous settlement, containing public accommodations for such passengers as business or pleasure might induce to halt within its walls. I had entered it with such an impression, and our disappointment was consequently the greater, in finding not even a single okella, though we traversed the bazaars, leading our camels by hand, and inquiring at every little bench along the range. Phanoose, though an old caravan-driver between Cairo and Mount Sinai, had never before been at Balbeis, and was loudly indignant at the seeming indifference of those we occasionally questioned, whose duty he thought it was to have voluntarily directed us to some house of accommodation.

As I possessed letters, however, from Hassan Aga at Suez, to Mahommed Bey, the commandant of the district, as well as to his Hasnadar, or Treasurer, who becomes his representative in his ab-

sence, we no longer delayed to present them to the Aga of the town, from whom we learnt that both Mahommed Bey and all his officers were at Cairo. The Aga being an Arab by birth, was somewhat more free from the haughty tone of office than the Turks who generally fill those situations; though it must be acknowledged, that to a pride of petty superiority above his fellows, was added, if possible, a grosser ignorance. We remained some time in waiting, before the letters could be read, when a dealer in the bazaars explained their contents, and our reception was as favorable as we could wish.

A small room of about eight feet square was given us for our accommodation, and though there was nothing beyond the bare mud walls and floor, not even a window, or a mat, yet its being covered with a loose flat roof was a luxury, after the burning days and chilling nights of the desert, and rendered it a comfortable lodging. The door of this apartment opening into the court of public justice, when we had got through the task of supplying the necessary provisions to our camels, and stretched ourselves along upon the floor to repose, I indulged myself in observing the divan, or place of audience, on the outside, and watching the bustling changes of its crowded assembly.

The Aga, seated like a king amid his courtiers, was distinguished from the others by the length of his beard, the whiteness of his turban, his red benishe, and gay-colored carpet. On each side of him were ranged the officers who assisted in the duties of the day, apparently traders belonging to the town. And in front were two Arabs, with long staves, for bringing the culprits before him, and for preserving the peace of the court. A number of cases were examined and gone through, with an extraordinary rapidity. There could be no complaint of legal delay; the matter in dispute was simply stated by the accusing party, and the witnesses called, when the prisoner was heard in his defence, and sentence given on the spot, the Aga being himself the sole judge, and that according to the dictates of his own discretion, without allusion or reference either to the opinion of others, to the written law, or even to common usage.

In exchanging civilities with a grave old father, who sat before our door to sun himself, being blind of ophthalmia, I ventured to remark to him the temptation to injustice which such a system of unlimited authority was calculated to offer; when he replied, that as, since his blindness, he lived by the benevolence of the charitable, and was without occupation, it formed one of his most agreeable pleasures to attend the Aga's court, in order to hear the causes, and the decisions given on them. The experience he had thus obtained, he said, induced him to accord with me; for though in matters of importance, a show of equity was necessary to be observed, yet the bribes paid for favorable judgment in petty cases, afforded to the Aga himself a handsome revenue, beside leaving a large residue which he paid to the Pasha yearly, for the free exercise of those privileges of extortion and injustice which are attached to his office by purchase.

The last affair, before the sittings of the court closed, was the ex-



amination of a young lad, who had been surprised in acts of improper familiarity with a still younger one than himself, and who was brought before the judge with crying and lamentation. It was to me a matter of some surprise, to find a custom cognizable by public justice, which I had so universally been given to understand was in common practice among the Egyptians; yet nothing could exceed the general feeling of repugnance to such a vice evinced by all the auditors. The culprit was threatened with much severity by the judge, pointed at as an object of scorn by the crowd, and being saved from heavier punishment in consideration only of his extreme youth was condemned to receive the bastinado, on the soles of his feet, which was given him on the spot, without delay or abatement, for the brawny arm of the executioner strained every nerve to give his strokes their proper weight. In a conversation resulting from this circumstance, the Aga undeceived me in the opinion I had previously entertained, by an assurance that the practice alluded to was purely a Turkish or Osmanlian vice, and was unknown to the mass of the Arab people. He added, also, that it was despised even by the greatest libertines among them, and was seldom ever mentioned but with execration and disgust.

As evening drew near, a large party had assembled around our door, and the most respectable among them entering to partake of our evening meal, we were scarcely left breathing-room for ourselves. The setting sun soon afterward summoning the most pious to prayers, we listened to the mingled tones of eleven worshippers at once. Having performed their ablutions, from a bowl handed round among them, the Aga preceded, in his station, and the others were ranged in triple rows behind him, all however making their prostrations with a regularity that seemed the effect of drilling, and uttering their 'Salams' and 'Allahs' with uniform solemnity. We sat up until long past midnight, engaged in conversation as curious as it was new, and which I deeply regretted my want of time and opportunity to transcribe, as it embraced subjects of such extensive variety, and was to me so full of interest.

Our old Bedouin guide, Phanoose, having now ended his engagement with us, by conducting us safely through the desert, and bringing us again into the cultivated land of Egypt, proposed departing for Cairo before day-light in the morning, and we exchanged turbans as a memento of regard, a favor I could not refuse him, it was urged by him with such importunity, though there was no great difference in their actual or relative value. I should depart from the invariable candor which influences the recording of my feelings, were I not to say, that I parted from this old man with that sort of regret which is the offspring of complete satisfaction. I had been happy in reposing perfect faith in his integrity, and in placing my life in his hands; and the result had proved him worthy of my confidence. In speculating upon the probable diversity of routes we should both be pursuing in future life, just as we had risen to join our hands at parting, the old man absolutely wept, exclaiming at the same moment in Arabic: 'Phanoose! to-day he is here; to-morrow he will be gone! — but, oh! to-morrow — where will be his friend Mustapha?'

BALBEIS, FEBRUARY 27. — Tormented as we had often been by the millions of fleas which swarm in Egyptian habitations, we had met with nothing equal to the hosts which assailed us through the last night. It was almost impossible to open either the eyes or mouth, without getting them filled, and my ears and nostrils were both literally obstructed by them. In short, their numbers so surpassed all belief or conception, that the most scrupulous observance of truth in computation would not exempt one from the charge of romancing. It was of course impossible to sleep, and I know not that I was ever more weary and impatient for the dawn.

With the first glimpse of day, we repaired to the bath, and although this was inferior to any we had yet seen in Egypt, in cleanliness and accommodation, the cause which hastened us there rendered its defects less objectionable. It was a luxury of the highest kind to strip, and such was my impatience to enjoy the certainty of being free from these innumerable tormentors, that I plunged at once into the cistern, before the operation of rubbing the body had been performed by the attendants. As our clean linen was in the same condition in this respect, as that which we had just taken off, I had ordered the whole of it, with every part of our dresses, even to the scull-cap, to be washed in boiling water; and as their being dried and made ready again to put on, would necessarily occupy some time, I profited by that opportunity to enjoy the whole process of the bath at leisure, and to follow it by a few hours' sweet and profound repose.

It was past noon, when we left the bath, like persons awakened to a new existence; and the Aga's son having attended me for that purpose, I accepted his offer of accompanying me through the town and its environs.

As the site of the ancient Pharbæthus, its ruins are extensive, though not a remnant of them are in a state of high preservation. Blocks of granite, and marble columns, as usual, mark the situation of temples and public edifices, and the walls of private dwellings are also discernible at some distance from the gate of entrance. In the bath and mosques are also marble pillars, surmounted with Grecian capitals, dug from the surrounding ruins, and broken shafts are used as thresholds and supporters to the doors of the meanest huts.

The present town is almost entirely built of bricks, taken from the destroyed buildings of the ancient city. It contains only two mosques, and these possessing no beauty, though the population is estimated at eight thousand. One great source of maintenance to its inhabitants, is the supply of the Syrian caravans, which arrive here from Damascus, and frequently make some stay, until merchandise is collected for their transportation of it to that country from Egypt. It has also a manufactory of coarse linen and thread, which are sold at Cairo, and the few Christians of the town employ themselves, much like the inferior Jews in England, in the working of ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments of female dress, which they carry round to families in pedlar's boxes — exactly in the same way — and send the more expensive to the capital.

The inhabitants attribute their general healthiness to their vicinity to the desert, and the consequent dryness and purity of the air. It would be difficult to pronounce whether that be the only cause; yet

nothing is more visible than the effect itself. Diseases of the eye are by no means so general here as in many parts of Egypt; and in addition to these blessings, they were exempted from the plague during the last year, in which it made such dreadful ravages through Egypt, nor has it existed among them since the period of the French expedition.

It was during that period, which, from its importance in the history of their recollections, is now become an epoch of reference with them, that the town was walled in with materials hastily collected, and loosely put together. Their invaders also levelled the whole of the ruins that were without, in order to render the approach of an army more open to the range of their fire from within.

At the present moment, there are no soldiers here, though it is generally the station of an Albanian company of infantry; the reason assigned by the inhabitants for this, was, that all the commanders of distant provinces, as well as the troops who occupied villages, had been called to the defence of Cairo, since the recent revolution there, to supply the place of those who had been sent from thence to join the Pasha in Arabia.

Among the dresses of the women here, I observed no other change than the use of larger ear-rings, bracelets, etc., of silver, tin, and pewter, and a white linen veil, bound with black cord at the edges, between which the eyes appear, producing an effect difficult to be described.

On our return from this agreeable ramble, the court of justice was crowded, as at the same hour of yesterday, but so much more numerously, that it was with difficulty we could push our way through the attendants, when the Aga, beckoning me to come up to the bench and sit by his side, I joined him there, and we crossed our legs upon the same carpet. I was both amused and instructed by listening to the various causes that succeeded each other; and though the decisions on them were exceedingly rapid, yet I cannot but confess that the verdicts appeared to me to be consistent with the most rigid justice. The parties were alternately heard, in the statement of their own cases, without counsel or assistance; and as they confronted each other, but few misrepresentations would be allowed by either to pass unnoticed, without an appeal to other witnesses on the spot, so that nothing was more easy than to distinguish the innocent from the guilty; and while impartial judgment prevailed, no evil could result from this brief and simple mode of trial.

Among a number of familiar cases of dispute, which occupied the attention of the court, was one relative to the purchase of two asses, which were ultimately returned to the seller, on its being proved that he had been guilty of misrepresentation in overrating their good qualities, a decision sufficient of itself to prove that impartial justice can sometimes be obtained.

On the breaking up of the divan, and the conclusion of sun-set prayers, we passed our evening as on the preceding one, having made all our preparations for departure early in the morning, and remained up late, to delay our combat with the dark hosts that awaited us in millions, until the last moment.

BALBEIS TO HASLOUGEY, FEBRUARY 28. — We had so reduced our luggage, that by the purchase of a double sack, my servant and myself could each take a portion on our own animal, and we wanted neither guide nor attendant beside ourselves. This also was an arrangement so perfectly accordant with my own wishes, that I would not suffer any anticipated inconveniences, or the incessant obstacles created by my servant, to disturb it; because I wished to be at perfect liberty as to our route, our halting places, and every other incident connected with the tour, that I might assume such appearances as might be most convenient, and change that appearance without observation, as often as new motives for such a change might occur. At sun-rise, then, we mounted and departed, taking our road in a south-east direction, through a beautifully fertile country, enjoying a refreshing breeze and moderately-heated atmosphere, which, with the richness of the scenery, contributed to render our ride delightful.

Attracted by the elevated mounds of Tal-Metabeel, the sure indication of ancient remains, we halted at the foot of them, about an hour after our leaving Balbeis. On ascending those heaps, I was somewhat surprised to find that they formed a sort of enclosure to a small town, rather less than a mile in circumference, which town occupied the centre on a level with the outer cultivated land, though the hills or embankment which encompassed it was at least fifty feet in elevation, and completely hid the interior from the view of the passenger, who, from a sight of those heaps, would be led to suppose them of an uniform level at the top. The dwellings thus enclosed were many of them unusually perfect in their remains, so as to entitle them to the character of a deserted village, rather than a ruined town, and but for their superiority in the form of the sun-dried bricks, the regularity of the layers of cement by which they were united, and other characteristic points of resemblance to the ruins of Heroöpolis and other cities, by which its antiquity was rendered indisputable, one would almost suppose its desertion recent, though it is the character of all the ancient fragments with which this interesting country abounds, to retain, from the dryness of the climate, a freshness of appearance, that is extremely deceptive to the eye, and is only to be detected by frequent observation, and close comparison between the doubtful and those which are self-evidently decisive.

These embankments, as could be clearly traced from the remains of masonry and brick work, were the ruins of buildings elevated above the central town, and most probably of subsequent erection, about the period when the levels of the Egyptian cities were raised, partly for the benefit of a cool and refreshing air, as well as for a better defence against the inconveniences occasioned to private dwellings by the elevation of the soil and influx of waters, accompanying every inundation of the Nile.

This salutary improvement of the ancient settlements is thus mentioned by Herodotus in his *Euterpe*: 'In the reign of Anysis, a king of Egypt, who was blind, Sabacus, king of Ethiopia, overran the country with a numerous army. Anysis fled to the morasses and saved his life, but Sabacus continued master of Egypt for the space of fifty years. While he retained his authority, he made it a rule

not to punish any crime with death, but according to the magnitude of the offence, he condemned the criminal to raise the ground near the place to which he belonged, by which means the situation of the different cities became more and more elevated.'

The appearance of the present town corresponded perfectly with this description; as the existence of central dwellings within the elevated enclosure, proved that such elevation was a progressive work, and subsequent to the foundation of the town itself. There was nothing, however, among all its remains, that evinced either comfort, opulence, or splendor; the habitations were small and mean, nor was there the vestige of a public building to be seen. The venerated tomb of Sheick Amrahn is now the only object that cheers this solitary desolation, which tomb, standing on the summit of the hills, is occasionally visited by devotees, to be graced, on the days peculiarly sacred to his memory, with votive offerings from the sick and unfortunate, and with ragged banners from the grateful who have not implored his shade in vain.

Leaving this place, we remounted our animals, and pursued our ride, with occasional inquiries for the road, through a country charming and fertile beyond description, like one continued garden, in which Nature had scattered with a lavish hand all the bounties of her reign to compensate for the absence of her grander and wilder beauties, by a luxuriance of vegetation along those smiling plains, which renders Egypt lovely in abundance, and rich in pleasing pictures amid her simplicity.

We passed through the villages of Metemyer, Sandanahour, Zancalaour, Met-Abou-Ali, and Haslougey, where we alighted at the house of the Sheick, and were kindly received by his family, the old man being absent in the fields. When our beasts were taken care of, and we were seated upon the mat which had been spread out for our repose, a number of questions were asked us by the women and children, as to the place of our destination, from whence we came, and what was the object of our journey. Above all, our pronunciation of the language was remarked, as differing from that of this district, for my servant's knowledge of Arabic, though he had resided in the country so long, was not greater than my own, and his pronunciation was worse, so that I spoke now without an interpreter, and was really surprised at my own facility of expression in a language of which I knew not yet the grammar, and which I had gathered up so imperceptibly, by learning it as we learn our mother tongue, from the mouths of those who speak it. The assurance that we came from Syria, where the Arabic is somewhat different from that of Egypt, was therefore sufficient to satisfy them, and we were received as men of that country, who, having executed the purpose of our journey into Egypt, were now returning to Salaheah, for the purpose of joining the Damascus caravan assembling there. Cakes of dourra were immediately prepared by the females, and set before us while warm, with bowls of yaourt, or curdled milk, and raw herbs, from which we made a hearty repast.

The sight of my map, however, into which I had been looking for the purpose of correcting the relative situations of the villages, completely changed the opinion which our kind entertainers had con-

ceived of us; and they now contended that we were learned men, magii, protected of God, etc.; an idea which they were not satisfied with indulging in secret, but promulgated among their curious and inquisitive neighbors.

We had scarcely finished our humble meal, before the court was thronged with the lame, the blind, the barren, and the pregnant, all soliciting written charms for their separate maladies, and that too with such importunity for preference, that it was with difficulty I could make myself heard among them. At first I had hoped to have escaped this new duty, by frankly declaring myself unqualified; but such declaration was considered by them only as a subterfuge to enhance my claims of reward; and poor as these people were, piastres and paras were held out in their hands, each individual owner proclaiming the sum his poverty would allow him to pay me for attending to his case. I saw it was in vain to resist any longer, and amidst their acclamations, crossed my legs upon the mat, and laid before me, with all possible gravity, my compass, map, brass ink-stand, and dividers, calling the eldest of the party before me, in conformity with their known veneration for age. This poor afflicted daughter of sickness, bending beneath the weight of years, was almost blind and deaf, and complained of a head-ache so violent as to occasion frequent delirium. While I was employed in counting her pulse, observing her tongue, and inquiring into her diet and mode of living, she had uncovered the upper part of her head, though her veil still continued on, and was but partially lifted to expose her mouth. Around it were tied five rolls of paper, which had been written by saints, ideots, or holy men, and given her for money, as infallible specifics, yet she was obliged to confess their total inefficacy.

Following up that confession, I demanded of her how she could again repose confidence in such remedies, after having been so egregiously deceived, more particularly when I had frankly acknowledged my incapacity to effect a cure by such means. Hope, however, that deluder of the miserable, had told her that some virtue must exist in a practice so avowedly holy, a practice neither known nor exercised by any but the inspired of God, men versed in books, and consequently capable of conversing with genii and superior spirits; and she took care to add, either to soothe me with flattery, or to explain the revival of that hope, that as I possessed mysterious instruments, which lay before me, and the use of which was unknown among them, whatever I attempted must be effectual.

Amidst the sincere commiseration which I felt for the poor woman's sufferings, as well as the ignorance which had placed her expectations on so frail a basis, I felt ashamed of adding another disappointment to the list; but all remonstrance, and avowal of incapacity on my part was misinterpreted, and I was compelled both to listen to their wishes, and comply.

Profiting, then, by the works of my predecessors in the healing art, I had the five written papers laid out before me, for the purpose of forming my own productions upon their models, so as to preserve an outline of resemblance at least; a task that was the more easy, as not one of them were written in Arabic; a mere collection of scrawls, destitute of order or arrangement, upon one of which,



gaudily bordered with red paint, a very high value was set, so that I made it my principal guide, and filled my own with characters of a similar description.

The old woman being despatched, after many kisses on the hand, for my unprecedented generosity in doing all this without reward, the other children of Affliction's family followed in their turn, and from the infant to the aged, their claims were not more rational. There was not one among them who demanded medicine, or blood-letting, remedies known and estimated among the most uncivilized; but as I found the task grow rather tedious, my prescriptions or charms were in studied brevity toward the close of my labors.

We had seen the patients all dispersed, however, with new hopes and lighter hearts, and were preparing to depart for Bubastos, having arranged to return and sleep at the village to-night, when a green-turbanned shereese came to the Sheick's, and with an air of great secrecy and importance, told me that he wished a private conversation with me on the behalf of a friend. By mounting on the flat roof of the house, to which there was a small ladder that ascended, we were completely alone, when he communicated to me that his friend labored under the greatest depression of spirits, from his having been married three years without being blessed with children; and his shame at this misfortune was the reason of his not coming to me among the crowd; but he entertained no doubt of my ability to remove this misfortune, and he would reward me with any sum I should name, and that too upon the spot, if I wished it!

I explained to him that the healing art provided no remedies for such a case as this; which, however, I could not persuade him to believe, so that he was really angry at my refusal to undertake the cure he desired; and was only kept from publicly expressing his anger, by a fear that this might give still farther publicity to his misfortune, by my communication of it to others; but these were at length removed, upon a solemn pledge, on my part, of inviolable secrecy.

It was already sun-set when we returned to the Sheick's, whom we now found at home, and with whom we supped from a large bowl of paste, mixed with various ingredients, in company with fifteen or sixteen of his family. The supper was eaten in the open court; but after washing, we retired into a dark room, already half-filled with doura-stalks, straw, and poultry, and heated by a furnace or oven, in which cakes were baked. Bitter coffee, pounded between stones, and made almost *eatable* from its thickness, with pipes of bad tobacco, followed our repast. As the heads of the other families of the village had also finished their meal, they came to pay their evening visit to the learned strangers, so that in a short time our party was increased to nearly fifty persons, the women of the family occupying the upper part of the furnace, and those who could find no room within, ranging themselves around the outer door. A quantity of cotton was then brought, in the pod, and set in the centre of the room, while each one of the company, resting his pipe on the ground, took a portion of the cotton to open, and this we all did, without its disturbing the enjoyment of smoking.

The old Sheick began first to amuse his auditors with the Tales

of Haroun el Raschid, which were so well accompanied with pantomimic gesture, and so deliberately recited, that I could follow him through the whole with great ease and pleasure. To this succeeded songs, in which both myself and servant bore a share, the latter singing in Greek, and I in Italian, which they thought were the learned languages of the country from whence we came. Among the Arabs, one sang in Turkish, and the rest in Arabic. 'Ya Leila! Leila! tahly ya Leila!' was thrice repeated. 'O Night! Night! Hasten! O Night! for thou art the Friend of Love! Yes! darkness is the lover's heaven,' etc. Another, which I had not heard before, was rapturously applauded; it was from a newly-married virgin to her spouse. And the group of females who sat aloof upon the furnace, not daring to lift their veils, or join among the rest of the party, were yet suffered to express their shouts of approbation and of praise. Next followed a conversation by the fingers, in much the same way as I have seen it practised in England, the changes of their positions bearing a fancied resemblance to the shape of the alphabetic characters. It was exercised with great skill, and our amusement was considerably heightened by a third person's interpretation of this mystic discourse.

Under the hope that more novelties might be presented to us by the women's singing, I ventured to ask the Sheick whether such a favor might not be permitted. He expressed his surprise at the question, and added that such a proposition, coming from any other than a stranger to their customs, would be received with a very bad grace. He told us, then, a story of an intrigue being discovered, which originated in what he termed the indelicacy of a female singing, the subject of her strains having made such an impression upon a male hearer, as to inspire him with a passion for her, which ended in the discovery of their amours, and the private strangling of both.

Thus employed, dividing our time between picking the cotton, hearing tales and songs, and filling our pipes in the intervals of conversation, the midnight stole upon us unperceived, before even any of the visitors began to retire. They excused their long stay, by saying, that as strangers sojourned among them but seldom, it was allowable for them to make a jubilee of the occasion. On the breaking up of the assembly, therefore, which was done more suddenly than it had been formed, we began to think of arrangements for sleeping, which I should have been content to have done upon the mat on which we had passed the evening; but as the Sheick had ordered it otherwise, we were obliged to comply with his wish, and for this purpose we retired to a small room within, about ten feet by seven, having no other aperture than the door of entrance through which we were obliged to stoop almost double. The alleged reason for his preferring this for our use, was its superior warmth, from it being much smaller in size, and having a furnace yet retaining the heat of the fire by which the cakes of our evening meal were baked. I could not persuade him of the superior freshness of the outer part, and our danger of suffocation here; they knew of no distinction between a freer circulation of air and a sharper cold, any more than they could separate the idea of cold from that of extreme pain; and as to my

sleeping on the outside alone, allowing them to follow their own choice for themselves, every one objected to this. I tried every mode of persuasion in vain, and a mat being spread out upon the furnace, we stripped to lay down, five in number, in a room ten feet by seven, lying in a row, with our heads toward the inner wall, and our feet hanging over the edge of the furnace, which was elevated nearly three feet from the ground, and had a space between it and the outer wall, of about two feet wide, for the purpose of tending the fires with fuel.

The Arabs stripped off even their shirts, and rolled themselves in their blue Melyahs, a practice I adopted also myself, having left off the use of flannel next the skin, after the bath at Balbeis; and so excessive was the heat of this literal oven, that I could have stripped my skin off too, if possible, to refresh myself. We had scarcely lain down, before three females came in, whom we could but faintly perceive, from the glimmer of the expiring lamp that was yet burning, and who, without a stretch of imagination, from their hooded dresses, veiled faces, and stolen manner of entrance, looked like the flitting beings of another world. They sank upon the ground without a whisper, and must have literally lain on one another, as they occupied only the narrow space between the furnace and the wall.

The repose of the weary is certainly enviable, and the art or faculty of enjoying that repose, in spite of every obstacle that may attend it, is a desirable qualification, which some of the party possessed a larger share of than myself; for an hour had not elapsed, before most of them were snoring, while the united torments of rats and mice, which ran across us in troops, to nibble the fragments of the last baked cakes, the bugs and fleas that were like crawling hosts, collected to devour our bodies, and the buzzing mosquitoes, enjoying free access to every vein, kept me not only awake, but employed too, throughout the night, which, short as it was, in the number of its hours, was to me the longest in duration, and most weary in its progress, that I ever remember to have counted.

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MADRIGAL.

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ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG WIDOW.—FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

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Why art thou clothed in sad array  
 For him whose days are done,  
 Yet dost no sign of grief display  
 For those thy lightning-glances slay?  
 Though he thou mourest be but one,  
 More than a thousand they!

Thou bendest on the lover's prayer  
 The tearless eye of scorn,  
 And while thou dost, with cruel care,  
 The illusive guise of feeling wear,  
 Though Pity's garb thy breast adorn,  
 She never enters there!

## L I F E .

WHAT is life at the best? — a weak bubble, a dream —  
 Evanescent as vanishing spray;  
 Now the hue of the rose, now the lily's pale crest,  
 Or a leaf from its stem fall'n away;  
 And Death takes the trophy to wear in his breast,  
 A frail, shatter'd wreck, on Time's turbulent stream!

What though beauty appear in its plumage of gold,  
 And dazzle with glittering sheen;  
 As the bow fadeth fast from the storm-girdled cloud,  
 And the Iris no longer is seen,  
 So the princes of earth but inherit a shroud,  
 To the gay all unsightly, and sad to behold.

Neither genius nor worth can a temple upraise,  
 To withstand the all-with'ring decay;  
 As the meteor its course through the heavens doth trace,  
 Then passes for ever away;  
 So the fire of the mind soars aloft for a space,  
 But its light is soon lost in eternity's maze.

A. M. M.

## EUGENIUS STRUGGLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'FOSTER-MOTHER.'

ON the 17th of May, 18 —, chance gave me the particulars of the following memoir, and the cognomen of the occupier of a spacious attic in Westminster, its title. EUGENIUS STRUGGLE, at once the sport and child of misfortune, for twelve months on that very day, had manfully endured 'the whips and scorns of time.' At an early period of his existence, he had discovered flashes of a genius in his mind, which at the age of fourteen, blazing forth in five lines, acrostically inscribed to the fair object of his ardent affection, rooted the conviction in his breast, that 'he was not of an age, but for all time.' Unhappily for Eugenius, neither his relations nor friends were as quick-sighted as himself; and despite his assurances, that his talents were of too high a class to be wasted on the attainment of the arts and mysteries of trade, his father, deaf to the voice of genius, and blind to its incipient sparks, apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker. Chisels are keen-edged tools, and saws have many teeth; but dull is the incision of the sharpest chisel — feeble the stroke of the longest saw — compared with the acute cut to the pride, and laceration of the feelings, that this step occasioned Eugenius. Nevertheless, though the spirit was any thing but willing, the flesh was by no means weak; and he whose ideas soared to the achievement of laurels that should wreath his fame, when his material and mortal parts had returned to dust, was obliged to take time by the forelock, and reverse the position of affairs, by turning his hand to work, and his mind to saw-dust. Still, where there's a will, there's away; and as Eugenius was the only child of a man who, although possessed of none of the refined genius of his son, was not without a considerable share of what is very aptly called this world's goods,

our hero resolved to keep alive the half-strangled infant of his brain, so that, when arrived at man's estate, and the end of his time, he might follow the bent of his destiny; not doubting that though it would be much against the will of his father while living, he should be independent by his will at his death, which nevertheless Eugenius was the last in the world to desire, sooner than a good old age should lead to, and for two plain reasons: in the first place, because he loved his father as dearly as a son could, and secondly, because, after all, the property to which he was heir would at best be but a slight augmentation to the wealth of which, of course, he would have possessed himself, by his literary labors, long ere his father was gathered to his fathers.

Up at five, to breakfast at seven, to work again till dinner time at one, and from two till six, when labor ceased for half an hour, to afford time for what Eugenius, (as he wished it to be understood,) sarcastically called the common sacrifice to the Chinese nymph of tears; who, however, being originally intended to represent *green* tea, was not quite as aptly named as truth would have dictated, or our poet desired. However, granting that the tea was not green, for which, except by the faintness of the color of its decoction, it could never have been mistaken, it was the welcome Lethe in which he lost the fatigues of the day, and which tranquillized and prepared his mind for the wasting of the midnight oil, or rather, I should say, the nocturnal rushlight, by whose rays he prepared leaves that should one day, and thence for ever, compose a wreath that, coupled with the name of Eugenius Struggle, should hang high in the temple of the trumpet-goddess. There, in all the elysium of literary lumber, which was made to adorn his chamber by the strewing about of sonnets, odes, tragedies, comedies, tales, anecdotes, and a hundred other miscellanies, which, in whole or extracts, had drawn tears and roars of laughter from many a reader of the 'Casket,' the 'Mirror,' and the 'Penny Magazine,' there was his wont to sit, 'to fame a martyr, to his muse a slave,' as he said of himself in the 'Sentimental Songster,' till daylight warned him that he had often not more than an hour in which to subdue by sleep the high-flown workings of his lofty mind, ere the fifth stroke of St. Giles's clock, or his master's cane, would rouse him to the labor, not 'that love delights in,' or 'that physics pain,' but which, notwithstanding its nauseousness, was a dose that once a day he was obliged to take, and which generally took him all day long.

But before we quit the scene of his temporary happiness for that where he and sorrow sat, that curiosity being probably felt by my readers, which in me was insatiable with less than a perusal of his lucubrations, I will transcribe for their edification some of those of his pieces which I read so much to my own.

I have already remarked, that Eugenius's first poem was inscribed to her who was for a twelve month after, the only heroine of his brain. No name but hers would rhyme in his imagination; and for the versification of his tragics, it had indeed been blank, if 'Nancy' had not graced his every page. Now I trust it will not be thought that our hero was vain, because he not only professed that he could do, but actually did, what the immortal Charles Dibdin had

not done, although he had written more about Nancy than any other known author, up to that time, which was, to rhyme with that name with as much if not more facility than with any other; while his predecessor, in several hundred songs, in fact in all he had written of the name, which was that of his wife, (with only one exception, which occurs in his song called 'Nancy's the Name,' in which he versifies with the word pansy, at the same time confessing his inability to find another, and the difficulty he experienced in racking his brains for that,) was put to his *non plus*. In vindication of Eugenius, I insert the verse on which he hinges his triumph. It runs thus:

'I once of my mind box'd the compass around,  
For a rhyme to the name of my love,  
And for a long spell naught but fancy I found,  
That notion of sounds would approve.  
At last, avast heaving, I cried, soft and slow,  
There's a flower, and they call it a pansy,  
But the true name, d'ye mind me, is heart's ease, and so  
'T is the best rhyme that can be for Nancy.'

Now with what justice Eugenius contended that even that second rhyme was a make-shift, a lame adoption of an exploded name for the real word, I shall leave my readers to decide, and lay before them the selections I made from his works, the first of which is the acrostic referred to in the commencement of my narrative. Certain it is, that even the quotation I am about to make, is a plain evidence that our young friend did not arrogate more than he substantiated. But to the proof:

'ACROSTIC.

'N o angel from heaven, no creature on earth,  
A h, no! nor of dark necromancy,  
N o odds if tall, short, thin, or lusty in girth,  
C an equal your beauty, your talent, and worth,  
Y ou exquisite angel, my Nancy!'

Such is the first dash into poetry, the first ebullition of incipient genius, from the pen of one whose reputation I would not have hazarded by publishing for the first time the unrestrained effort of an ardent boy's imagination, were I not satisfied that my readers would sooner patronize, than harshly criticize, a young beginner. Those who are unwilling or incapable of deciding upon peculiar talent, may perhaps blame Eugenius for the conclusion he came to, relative to his, considering the displeasure it occasioned his father; but then that father was one of the very class of people I have named; and again, it so happened, that his son was a fatalist; and with the prejudices of such an one, would he argue upon the rectitude of the opinion he had espoused and cherished, with regard to the course toward which he should apply his mind; and the conviction he entertained of his fitness for the pursuit he had adopted, is plainly discernible in the following passage from one of his early tragedies, entitled, 'The Flinty Heart; or 'None so Blind as Those who Wont See.' The reader may clearly trace in the character of Pauloni, an evident portraiture of the author himself; while that of Lady Nancy admits of no question, as to whom it is indebted for its original. The scene is described as a rocky cave, at the end of a subterraneous passage;



Pauloni discovered, enveloped in a large cloak. He takes his watch from his pocket :

'Tis five and twenty minutes past the time,  
And yet she comes not !  
Why do n't she come ?  
Alas ! enough she do n't !  
Perchance the baron writhes beneath the gout,  
And she her sire attends with rigid care.  
Oh if 't is so, ease him, ye healing gods !  
And thou, lethargic Somnus ! from thy couch  
Rise, and around his spring-stuffed easy-chair  
Spread thy dark wings, and lull him to a nap.  
Though he to racking pangs abandons me,  
To harsh-tongued hoarseness and rheumatic shocks,  
Ease him, that longer no unlucky chance  
May from Pauloni keep his darling Nance !'

LADY NANCY, *in the passage* :

Who on that hapless maid, sad Nancy, calls ?

PAULONI.

Propitious deities, a lover's thanks !  
'Tis I, Pauloni, hapless maid and sad ;  
Hail, peerless daughter of a ruthless house,  
Bright Nancy, hail !

*Enter LADY NANCY.*

LADY NANCY.

'Tis he !

PAULONI.

'Tis she !

[ *They rush into each other's arms.*

Oh why so long, my dearest !

LADY NANCY.

Nay, sweet my lord, the lips of censure close.

PAULONI.

Dearest, 'tis five and twenty minutes past  
The time appointed ! Wherefore punctual not ?

LADY NANCY.

I strove, but failed to get away before ;  
Indeed, indeed, it was the ancient cause !

PAULONI.

Oh better late, ten thousand times, than never !  
Name it not ; clearly I thy stay forswore :  
But say, oh, empress of my yearning soul !  
How speeds with him, our foe, Pauloni's suit ?

LADY NANCY.

Ah ! somewhat hasty and too rash, my lord ;  
Restrain your ardor for your Nancy's sake.

PAULONI.

That magic name !

LADY NANCY.

Yes, by that name I would assuage thy wrath,  
Temper the language of thy anger'd mind :  
Deal not in words that enmity portray,  
For oh, my lord ! 't is trite in books of yore,  
Culled of sage heads, that second thoughts are best.  
Pause then, and think, when next you'd name a foe,  
That he thou call'dst one is thy Nancy's sire !

PAULONI.

My oracle has spoken, and Pauloni's dumb.  
 I have a sire, of him am free to speak.  
 The soaring eagle high upon the wing,  
 Bearing aloft a mother's only prize,  
 When suddenly brought down from her career,  
 By the sure shaft of the distraught papà,  
 Knows not more anguish than is mine to bear  
 From a fierce father's arbitrary will.  
 And may the avenging gods —

LADY NANCY.

Rash hot-blood, hold!  
 You ar' n't a father!

Some obscurity in the MSS., which is 'a very cramped piece of  
 penmanship,' precludes farther extracts. M.

## KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.—BY JOHANNES EVALD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast,  
 In mist and smoke:  
 His sword was hammering so fast,  
 Through Gothic helm and brain it pass'd,  
 Then sank each hostile hulk and mast  
 In mist and smoke.  
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly, he who can!  
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
 The stroke!'

Nils Juel\* gave heed to the tempest's roar,  
 'Now is the hour!  
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
 And smote upon the foe full sore,  
 And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,  
 'Now is the hour!  
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'for shelter fly,  
 Of Denmark's Juel, who can defy  
 The power!'

North Sea! a glimpse of Vesselt rent  
 Thy murky sky!  
 Then champions to thine arms were sent;  
 Terror and death glared where he went;  
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rent  
 Thy murky sky!  
 From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol,  
 Let each to heaven commend his soul,  
 And fly!

Path of the Dane to Fame and Might,  
 Dark-rolling wave!  
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
 Goes to meet danger with despite,  
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
 Dark-rolling wave!  
 And amid pleasures and alarms,  
 And war and victory, be thine arms  
 My grave!

\* Name of a Danish Admiral, pronounced *Juel*.† Another celebrated Danish Admiral, surnamed *Tordenskiold*, or Shield of Thunder.

## OUR WEDDING-DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR BIRTH-DAYS,' IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.\*

THE commemoration of interesting events, is a practice which has prevailed in all ages, and in all parts of the world. It is founded on rational principles, and at the same time is intimately connected with the heart, and its strongest feelings. The very universality of the custom furnishes proof that it has been considered as having a pleasant and salutary influence. It has, and always was intended to have, a direct tendency to revive, continue, and strengthen, those principles, or those feelings, in which the commemorated event had its origin, and from which its peculiar interest is derived. Few, if any events in life, are of a more tender and permanent interest than MARRIAGE, or leading to such all-important consequences. Formed, as this enduring contract is, amidst a thousand delightful associations and promises of happiness, it would seem that the anniversary of the wedding-day would call up recollections of an exciting nature, and spread around it charms of peculiar value. It is found useful, and gratifying to our feelings, as citizens, to celebrate the day of our country's independence, and revive the patriotic ardor which gave it birth. Is it not equally gratifying and useful, for husband and wife to celebrate the happy day when they affectionately joined in a declaration of confiding *dependence on each other*, during the journey of life, for their comforts, prosperity, and peace? The anniversary of such an era should awaken all their sensibilities, and deepen the impressions made upon their hearts on that day when their destinies were united. Memory was not given to us merely as a treasury of common and ordinary facts, to serve as aids or monitors to us in transacting the business of the world, nor even to furnish us with intellectual assistance, in our advance toward the heights of learning, in its various departments. On the contrary, pleasure, as well as utility, was designed to be promoted, by indulging in the exercise of this wonderful power. The heart and affections, as well as the mind and reasoning faculties, were intended to derive from this power of recollection unnumbered pleasures; sometimes exhilarating, sometimes composing, sometimes spreading around us 'the sunshine of the soul;' at others, charming us in the soft shades of peaceful contemplation. Such being the uses of memory, in its magic operations, we should avail ourselves of them as far as we can, and enjoy them as delicate materials in the lovely manufacture of domestic happiness, and the preservation of that inestimable 'article,' in all its original polish, brightness, and beauty. If some should be inclined to consider my arguments Utopian, they should remember that Hope has extensive possessions in Utopia, and is often regaling herself in visiting and admiring them. Beside, Hope leads us on to the obtain-

\* AN unblemished life of more than three score years and ten, and an extensive knowledge of society and social intercourse, impart to the monitions of our venerable correspondent an added interest and value. They are especially worthy of earnest heed by all the newly-married, 'whose name is legion.'

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ment of valuable results, by stimulating us to exertion. In this world we seldom overtake all we pursue, or reach those elevations to which we are prone to aspire. The moralist inculcates principles which all should reverence and obey, though he does not anticipate that such success will attend his labors. Much *may* be done to promote the object in view, and, therefore, much *should* be done for that purpose and that reason.

Every 'happy pair' at the altar consider the moment when they exchange their vows, as the happiest they have ever enjoyed ; as the blushing morning of a long summer day of unclouded beauty, that will continue through life. Then, all around is full of hope and promise. It is true, no human power can prevent this delightful day from losing a portion of its loveliness ; unwelcome events must, at times, have their influence ; novelty must cease to be novelty ; cares will command, and often distract, attention. Sickness and sorrow may darken and surround the dwellings of the most fortunate ; and death may enter them ; but all these circumstances are so many arguments in favor of every measure which may have a tendency to lessen the influence and the consequences resulting from the causes above enumerated. In such circumstances, what can be more natural, and more comforting to them, than to look back to the hour of their union, as a verdant and sunny spot on life's journey, and usually in its beautiful spring-time, and recollect what were the causes which then made them so happy, and then ask themselves whether those causes have the same influence on their first anniversary, as they had at the commencement of the first year of their married life ; and, if the answer is in the negative, then to inquire, why this influence has been impaired, and what is the cause of it. When every thing around is declaring the effects of time, and never-ceasing changes — too many of them having a direct tendency to weaken the more gentle affections, and strengthen those with which the heart has no connexion — surely it is the part of wisdom to 'keep the heart with all diligence,' as the most certain mode of preserving the domestic and social atmosphere in a state of calmness and purity. It is of no importance whether this couple were married in May or December ; among flowers and zephyrs, or storms and snow-banks. Their hearts formed their thermometer, and that indicated that there all was summer. It is probable that they calculated, as most others do, that their stock of love then in possession would continue unimpaired, without any particular attention on their part. If they reasoned at all, they may fairly be supposed to have thus reasoned. But my advice to all who are about entering on life's journey, arm in arm, is to remember that, for wise reasons, the manna in the wilderness was supplied *daily*, with the exception of one day in the week ; and that it was to be sought and gathered *every morning*, in a sufficient quantity for the day. Even so it should be with those who have joined their hands, hearts, and fortunes, for life's pilgrimage, (with the *omission*, as the gowns-men might express it, of the *exception* above stated.) Kindness, gentleness, sweetness of disposition, suavity of manner, and a constant desire to please, manifested by *both* of the parties, should furnish each day the manna of love, in such happy measure, as to answer all the claims of the day ; and the sooner it is gathered

in the morning, and the provision is made for the day, the more sweet, refreshing, and salutary, it will prove.

As I have a high respect for the ladies, I will not be so uncivil as to suppose that the 'honey-moon,' in the instance under consideration, did not pass away amid smiles and sunshine; and probably the first year will be seldom disturbed by any unpleasant scenes or cloudy weather; and of course their first anniversary will be one of mutual congratulation. Should that prove to be the case, it will be strange if they should not at once perceive why it is so, and profit by the discovery. They will find that it is because the spirit of their affections had not evaporated, but that, almost unconsciously, they had been nourishing them by those means which formed the golden chain that first united them. The day thus employed, will teach them how easily they may keep that chain bright during the second year. The anniversary of our wedding days should be understood and improved as a day of calm retrospection, review, and resolution—a review of duties performed and duties neglected, and of the consequences which have followed—and a resolution jointly made to correct what the parties, on such review, shall have found unfriendly to their happiness, by disturbing those fountains of it which ought to have been preserved in purity; and with warm hearts, and feelings of mutual forgiveness, to persevere in all those nameless modes of pleasing, which they shall have found to possess such a persuasive influence.

The amiable and lamented M'KENZIE, when speaking of the charms of domestic life, and the means of multiplying and diffusing them, says, (though I cannot quote his language,) that the discharge of the great duties of the wife, the husband will claim of her as *his right*; but her smiles, her courtesies, the music of her voice, her kindness, her cheerful welcome, and watchful attentions, which render the stream of domestic life so sparkling, he will thankfully receive *as favors*; 'and, trust me,' says he, 'there is nothing so sweet as turning these little things to so precious a use.' And perhaps the same remark might be made, with equal propriety, as to the great duties of the husband, and the tender assiduities and sympathy he is in the habit of manifesting, always so soothing and delightful to an affectionate and confiding wife.

If on any subsequent anniversaries, the review of the next preceding year should present family cares and differences of opinion on several subjects incident to their situation, as having ruffled their tempers for a while, and occasioned unpleasant countenances, and short answers, they should seriously inquire what occasioned those things. If the differences were of importance, they adopted a very unwise method to remove them. Calm persuasion would have promised a much better result. If the differences were about trifles, both parties ought to have confessed their folly, and been ashamed of their repetition. In numberless instances, these petty and unreasonable jars arise from the love of debate, and fondness for victory. Consultation and debate are very different things. In the former, some useful result or purpose is the object, and discussion may enlighten both their minds. In the latter, victory, or display, or the *last word*, is the ridiculous point to be gained; and in gaining it,

both parties become inflamed, and temporary alienation is the consequence. How many dinners and suppers have been untasted, or tasteless, on this account, and how many evenings been spent in silence, and by the wife, in tears! And yet from such worthless trifles, proceed pains and sorrows, so much to be lamented. Let me caution young couples especially, never to commence these dangerous experiments: their consequences may be lasting as life; and to their peace, unless corrected, they will be death. Let them remember these suggestions on their anniversaries; let them review them carefully, and resolve that they shall not be repeated. I am not now supposing that either of the parties indulges in any open habits which tarnish the moral character in society; I aim only at those follies, imprudences and faults, which mar the peace of the family circle, and 'pour in poison to the bowl of joy.' Leave debates to Congress. Nine-tenths of those we hear in that honorable body, prove their own uselessness and irritating tendency.\* Such anniversaries as I am recommending, if wisely improved, would in a few years become days of jubilee. They would have a benign influence on the minds of young children. They are constantly looking to their parents and to their examples; and they naturally presume that such examples may be safely followed, until they begin to perceive their pernicious tendency and consequences. Alas! how many of them have such tendency, when not early corrected! But on the contrary, when all is harmony between those who preside in the domestic circle, similar harmony will generally be found among the children. The immense responsibility of parents in this particular, is not suitably regarded. Gentleness usually meets with gentleness in return. Urbanity and courtesy are the essentials of politeness; and where can these be more happily exercised, than by those who, from the nature of their union, must soon become intimately acquainted with each other's peculiar tastes, habits, modes of thinking and reasoning, failings, and propensities? It is a mark of true politeness, in view of these things, to show a spirit of accommodation, as far as it can be done with innocence; and more especially is it necessary, where the affections of the heart are intimately concerned, as they are, in the preservation of domestic purity and peace. How many houses have been consumed by *shavings*! — and merely because they were not removed in season, and placed where they could not be inflamed; or because, if inflamed by some imprudence, they were not immediately extinguished by the joint efforts of those who would be the greatest sufferers by their own neglect. According to the common course of events, every succeeding anniversary celebration will present some new subjects of review, pleasant or unpleasant. The parties may find themselves in some new situation; calling for the exercise of new powers and new virtues, and opening to their view new sources of comfort, which they might have enjoyed, had they been duly attentive to their own dearest in-

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\* POSSIBLY this testimony, from one long a member of the National Legislature, may hereafter prevent some mouthing congressional orator from occupying more than four days of the people's time in the delivery of a stupid speech, for home consumption.

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terests. In such circumstances, the careful review of the past will secure blessings in future. '*Prima virtus est vitio carere.*' The first step toward amendment, is to leave the path of error. Each past year should be read and studied, as a book full of instruction and animating encouragement. It may also be considered as a mirror, in which our married pair may see not only themselves, but their imprudences; their faults, their passions, their improvements, and increased happiness. Again, each anniversary may be compared to a mount, from which they can look back and see the course they have been travelling, through the year that has bidden them farewell; whether it has been a direct or a crooked one; whether through useless wilds and dangerous passages, or through fields abounding in blessings, and over peaceful plains, and under a healthy climate; or, in a word, whether they have availed themselves of the advantages they enjoyed, by a judicious and thankful use of them, or wasted their moral health and real blessings, by indulging in mutual complaints, or cold indifference.

I cannot persuade myself that a careful attention to these suggestions, with a sincere desire to derive instruction from the annual commemoration of our wedding-days, in thanking heaven for what we enjoy, and reviewing the various scenes in which we have been placed during the preceding year, would not be attended with visible and substantial advantages. It would teach us self-examination and self-correction; make us better acquainted with ourselves, and more deserving of the respect and esteem of the good and praiseworthy, and increase our own happiness. Every one is bound, on all occasions, to regulate his temper, by a consideration of the train of unpleasant and often pernicious effects which are caused by its improper indulgence; as every soldier is under the obligations imposed upon him, in consequence of his station, to be respectful and obedient to his commander. But the married pair, on the anniversaries of their wedding-day, should consider themselves as a soldier does, when standing on duty as a sentinel, bound to a more strict observance of approaching danger, by a careful and critical attention, from whatever quarter it might present itself.

To conclude: *Home*, in all cases, is the spot where the young passions and affections first display themselves. Here too often, in consequence of mismanagement, these passions are indulged and inflamed, and these affections are corrupted and debased, by bad examples, and dangerous counsels. Thus these passions gain strength, by freedom from restraint, and running riot in society, they produce crime and devastation. And home, 'sweet home,' of the sweet song, when under proper discipline, and the mild administration of virtuous domestic rulers, is the garden where such passions and affections, thus planted in a genial soil, are cherished with tenderness and care; and, under the guidance of parental instruction and example, are ripened into virtues and graces, and steady principles of morality and religion, which adorn and bless the community. Of this garden, there are flowers and fruits, which, though they may sometimes seem to be chilled by the atmosphere of this world, yet will survive even the cold night of death, and flourish in immortal bloom, beyond the winter of the grave.

SENEC.

## THE ESCAPE

OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

SWEETLY the breath of night's soft noon  
 Was sporting o'er Lochleven's wave,  
 Wafting its sighs to summer's moon,  
 Or whispering 'neath the mountain cave;  
 Stern rose the castle's threatening wall,  
 Unsoftened by that glorious beam,  
 While rippling waters' ceaseless fall,  
 To nature breathed their gentle hymn.

Swiftly a light form bounded o'er  
 The hillock moist, and grassy side,  
 And 'neath the flowing plaid she wore,  
 Peeped female grace no plaid could hide;  
 Oh, breathlessly she paused, and cast  
 A fearful, trembling glance around,  
 Then to Lochleven's border passed,  
 Where scarce a trodden pathway wound.

Why stood she lone and trembling there?  
 Was it to watch the moon's pale ray,  
 That dancing o'er her golden hair,  
 Caught softness as it passed away?  
 Ah no! that sad blue eye was turned  
 So anxiously o'er wood and dale,  
 And that high brow so deeply burned,  
 And then it was so cold and pale!

All, all bespoke a fluttering heart,  
 A mind whose every thought was pain,  
 Where thousand fears successive dart,  
 Waking each fancied doubt again:  
 Oh! how that fair face lighted o'er,  
 Like sunbeam from 'mid varying clouds,  
 When from the lake's most distant shore,  
 A skiff its wreathing billows crowds!

Light from the bark young Douglas sprang,  
 And kneeling at Queen Mary's feet,  
 Those banished words 'my sovereign!' rang  
 In her blest ears now doubly sweet:  
 And mark the noble youth who dared  
 So much in suffering beauty's cause;  
 Ah! his exulting bosom shared  
 The throbs of that short, breathless pause.

Once more the light bark moves away,  
 Like some gay sporting bird of spring,  
 That swiftly, in its joyous play,  
 Skims o'er the lake on downy wing.  
 Oh, those young hearts it bore along  
 So light, so innocent, and free,  
 They ne'er again should beat among,  
 Souls that felt not their purity!

The night had passed; its dreary hours  
 Saw Mary 'neath a prison's wall;  
 The sun his tide of brightness pours  
 On Mary free from lawless thrall.  
 But haste thee, haste thee, hapless queen!  
 Lochleven's castle frowns behind;  
 Thy warriors' swords are bright and keen,  
 Their hearts, thy truest shield thou'lt find!

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## LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

## LETTER TWO.

You need not, dear Fausta, concern yourself on our behalf. I cannot think that your apprehensions will be realized. Rome never was more calm than now, nor apparently has there ever a better temper possessed its people. The number of those who are sufficiently enlightened to know that the mind ought not to be in bondage to man, but be held answerable to God alone for its thoughts and opinions, is becoming too great for the violences and cruelties of former ages to be again put in practice against us. And Aurelian, although stern in his nature, and superstitious beyond others, will not, I am persuaded, lend himself either to priests or people to annoy us. If no principle of humanity prevented him, or generosity of sentiment, he would be restrained, I think, by his attachments to so many who bear the hated name. And this opinion I maintain, notwithstanding a recent act on the part of the emperor, which some construe into the expression of unfavorable sentiments toward us. I allude to the appointment of Fronto, Niquidius Fronto, to be chief priest of the temple to the Sun, which has these several years been building, and is now just completed. This man signalized himself, both under Decius and Valerian, for his bitter hatred of the Christians, and his untiring zeal in the work of their destruction. The tales which are told of his ferocious barbarity, would be incredible, did we not know so well what the hard Roman heart is capable of. It is reported of him, that he informed against his own sisters, who had embraced the Christian faith, was with those who hunted them with blood-hounds from their place of concealment, and stood by, a witness and an executioner, while they were torn limb from limb, and devoured. I doubt not the truth of the story. And from that day to this, has he made it his sole office to see that all the laws that bear hard upon the sect, and deprive them of privileges and immunities, are not permitted to become a dead letter. It is this man, drunk with blood, whom Aurelian has put in chief authority in his new temple, and made him, in effect, the head of religion in the city. He is, however, not only this. He possesses other traits, which with reason might commend him to the regard of the emperor. He is an accomplished man, of an ancient family, and withal no mean scholar. He is a Roman, who for Rome's honor or greatness, as he would on the one hand sacrifice father, mother, daughter, so would he also himself. And Rome, he believes, lives but in her religion; it is the life blood of the state. It is these traits, I doubt not, that have recommended him to Aurelian, rather than the others. He is a person eminently fitted for the post to which he is exalted; and you well know that it is the circumstance of fitness, that Aurelian alone considers, in appointing his own or the servants of the state. Probus thinks differently. And although he sees no cause

to apprehend immediate violence, confesses his fears for the future. He places less reliance than I do upon the generosity and friendship of Aurelian. It is his conviction, that superstition is the reigning power of his nature, and will sooner or later assert its supremacy. It may be so. Probus is an acute observer, and occupies a position more favorable to impartial estimates, and the formation of a dispassionate judgment, than I.

This reminds me, that you asked for news of Probus, my 'Christian pedagogue,' as you are wont to name him. He is here, adorning, by a life of severe simplicity and divine benevolence, the doctrine he has espoused. He is a frequent inmate of our house, and Julia, not less than myself, ever greets him with affectionate reverence, as both friend and instructor. He holds the chief place in the hearts of the Roman Christians; for even those of the sect who differ from him in doctrine and in life, cannot but acknowledge that never an apostle presented to the love and imitation of his followers an example of rarer virtue. Yet he is not, in the outward rank which he holds, at the head of the Christian body. Their chiefs are, as you know, the bishops, and Felix is bishop of Rome, a man every way inferior to Probus. But he has the good or ill fortune to represent more popular opinions, in matters both of doctrine and practice, than the other, and of course easily rides into the posts of trust and honor. He represents those among the Christians — for alas! there are such even among them — who in seeking the elevation and extension of Christianity, do not hesitate to accommodate both doctrine and manner to the prejudices and tastes of both Pagan and Jew. They seek converts, not by raising them to the height of Christian principle and virtue, but by lowering these to the level of their grosser conceptions. Thus it is easy to see, that in the hands of such professors, the Christian doctrine is undergoing a rapid process of deterioration. Probus, and those who are on his part, see this, are alarmed, and oppose it; but numbers are against them, and consequently, power and authority. Already, strange as it may seem, when you compare such things with the institution of Christianity, as effected by its founder, do the bishops, both in Rome and the provinces, begin to assume the state and bearing of nobility. Such is the number and wealth of the Christian community, that the treasures of the churches are full, and from this source, the pride and ambition of their rulers are luxuriously fed. If, as you walk through the street which crosses from the Quirinal to the Arch of Titus, lined with private dwellings of unusual magnificence, you ask whose is that with a portico, that for beauty and costliness rather exceeds the rest, you are told, 'That is the dwelling of Felix, the Bishop of Rome;' and if it chance to be a Christian who answers the question, it is done with ill-suppressed pride, or shame, according to the party to which he belongs. This Felix is the very man, through the easiness of his dispositions, and his proneness to all the arts of self-indulgence, and the imposing graciousness of his carriage, to keep the favor of the people, and at the same time sink them, without suspicion on their part, lower and lower toward the sensual superstitions, from which, through so much suffering, and by so many labors, they have but just escaped, and accomplish an adulterous and

fatal union between Christianity and Paganism; by which, indeed, Paganism may be purified and exalted, but Christianity annihilated. For Christianity, in its essence, is that which beckons and urges onward, not to excellence only, but to perfection. Of course its mark is always in advance of the present. By such union with Paganism, then, or Judaism, its essential characteristic will disappear; Christianity will, in effect, perish. You may suppose, accordingly, that Probus, and others who with him rate Christianity so differently, look on with anxiety upon this downward progress, and with mingled sorrow and indignation upon those who aid it — oftentimes actuated, as is notorious, by most corrupt motives.

I am just returned from the shop of the learned Publius, where I met Probus, and others of many ways of thinking. You will gather from what occurred, better than from any thing else I could say, what occupies the thoughts of our citizens, and how they stand affected.

I called to Milo to accompany me, and to take with him a basket in which to bring back books, which it was my intention to purchase.

‘I trust, noble master,’ said he, ‘that I am to bear back no more Christian books.’

‘Why so, knave?’

‘Because the priests say that they have magical powers over all who read them, or so much as handle them; that a curse sticks wherever they are or have been. I have heard of those who have withered away to a mere wisp; of others who have suddenly caught on fire, and vanished in flame and smoke; and of others whose blood has stood still, frozen, or run out from all parts of the body, changed to the very color of your shoe, at their base touch. Who should doubt that it is so, when the very boys in the streets have it, and it is taught in the temples? I would rather Solon, noble master, went in my stead. Mayhap his learning would protect him.’

I, laughing, bade him come on. ‘You are not withered away yet, Milo, nor has your blood run out; yet you have borne many a package of these horrible books. Surely the gods befriend you.’

‘I were else long since with the Scipios.’ After a pause of some length, he added, as he reluctantly, and with features of increased paleness, followed in my steps:

‘I would, my master, that you might be wrought with to leave these ways. I sleep not, for thinking of your danger. Never, when it was my sad mischance to depart from the deserted palace of the great Gallienus, did I look to know one to esteem like him. But it is the truth when I affirm, that I place Piso before Gallienus, and the lady Julia before the noble Salonina. Shall I tell you a secret?’

‘I will hear it, if it is not to be kept.’

‘It is for you to do with it as shall please you. I am the bosom friend, you may know, with Curio, the favorite slave of Fronto —’

‘Must I not publish it?’

‘Nay, that is not the matter, though it is somewhat to boast of. There is not Curio’s fellow in all Rome. But that may pass. Curio, then, as I was with him at the new temple, while he was busied in some of the last offices before the dedication, among other things, said: ‘Is not thy master Piso of these Christians?’ ‘Yes,’ said I,

he is; and were they all such as he, there could be no truth in what is said of them.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'there are few among the accursed tribe like him. He has but just joined them; that's the reason he is better than the rest. Wait awhile, and see what he will become. They are all alike in the end, cursers, and despisers, and disbelievers, of the blessed gods. But lions have teeth, tigers have claws, knives cut, fire burns, water drowns.' There he stopped. 'That's wise,' I said; 'who could have known it?' 'Think you,' he rejoined, 'Piso knows it? If not, let him ask Fronto. Let me advise thee,' he added, in a whisper, though in all the temple there were none beside us, 'let me advise thee, as thy friend, to avoid dangerous company. Look to thyself; the Christians are not safe.' 'How say you,' I replied, 'not safe? What and whom are they to fear? Gallienus vexed them not. Is Aurelian ——' 'Say no more,' he replied, interrupting me, 'and name not what I have dropped, for your life. Fronto's ears are more than the eyes of Argus, and his wrath more deadly than the grave.'

'Just as he ended these words, a strong beam of red light shot up from the altar, and threw a horrid glare over the whole dark interior. I confess I cried out with affright. Curio started, at first, but quickly recovered, saying it was but the sudden flaming up of a fire that had been burning on the altar, but which shortly before he had quenched. 'It is,' he said, 'an omen of the flames that are to be kindled throughout Rome.' This was Curio's communication. Is it not a secret worth knowing?'

'It tells nothing, Milo, but of the boiling over of the wrath of the malignant Fronto, which is always boiling over. Doubtless I should fare ill, were his power equal to his will to harm us. But Aurelian is above him.'

'That is true; and Aurelian, it is plain, is little like Fronto.'

'Very little.'

'But still I would that, like Gallienus, thou couldst only believe in the gods. The Christians, so it is reported, worship and believe in but a man—a Jew—who was crucified as a criminal, with thieves and murderers.' He turned upon me a countenance full of unaffected horror.

'Well, Milo, at another time, I will tell you what the truth about it is. Here we are now, at the shop of Publius.'

The shop of Publius is remarkable for its extent and magnificence, if such a word may be applied to a place of traffic. Here resort all the idlers of learning and of leisure, to turn over the books, hear the news, discuss the times, and trifle with the learned bibliopole. As I entered, he saluted me, in his customary manner, and bade me 'welcome to his poor apartments, which for a long time I had not honored with my presence.'

I replied, that two things had kept me away—the civil broils in which the city had just been involved, and the care of ordering the appointments of a new dwelling. I had come now to commence some considerable purchases for some vacant shelves, if it might so happen that the books I wanted, were to be found in his rooms.

'There is not,' he replied, 'a literature, a science, a philosophy, an art, or a religion, whose principal authors are not to be found upon



the walls of Publius. My agents are in every corner of the empire, of the east and west, searching out the curious and rare, the useful and the necessary, to swell the catalogue of my intellectual riches. I believe it is established, that in no time before me, as no where now, has there been heard of a private collection like this, for value and for number.'

'I do not doubt what you say, Publius. This is a grand display. Your ranges of rooms show like those of the Ulpian. Yet you do not quite equal, I suppose, Trajan's, for number?'

'Truly not. But time may bring it to pass. What shall I show you? It pleases me to give my time to you. I am not slow to guess what it is you now, noble Piso, chiefly covet. And I think, if you will follow me to the proper apartment, I can set before you the very things you are in search of. Here upon these shelves are the Christian writers. Just let me offer you this copy of Hegesippus, one of your oldest historians, if I err not. And here are some beautifully executed copies, I have just ordered to be made, of the Apologies of Justin and Tertullian. Here, again, are Marcion and Valentinus; but perhaps they are not in esteem with you. If I have heard aright, you will prefer these tracts of Paul, or Artemon. But hold, here is a catalogue. Be pleased to inspect it.'

As I looked over the catalogue, I expressed my satisfaction that a person of his repute was willing to keep on sale works so generally condemned, and excluded from the shops of most of his craft.

'I aim, my dear friend — most worthy Piso — to steer a mid-way course among contending factions. I am myself a worshipper of the gods of my fathers. But I am content that others should do as they please in the matter. I am not, however, so much a worshipper — in your ear — as a book-seller. That is my calling. The Christians are become a most respectable people. They are not to be overlooked. They are, in my judgment, the most intelligent part of our community. Wasting none of their time at the baths and theatres, they have more time for books. And then their numbers, too! They are not fewer than seventy thousand! — known and counted. But the number, between ourselves, Piso, of those who secretly favor or receive this doctrine, is equal to the other! My books go to houses, ay, and to palaces, people dream not of.'

'I think your statements a little broad,' said a smooth, silvery voice, close at our ears. We started, and beheld the Prefect Varus standing at our side. Publius was for a moment a little disconcerted; but quickly recovered, saying, in his easy way, 'A fair morning to you! I knew not that it behooved me to be upon my oath, being in the presence of the Governor of Rome. I repeat, noble Varus, but what I hear. Piso receives what I say as the current rumor. That is all — that is all. Things may not be so, or they may; it is not for me to say. I wish well to all; that is my creed.'

'In the public enumerations of the citizens,' replied the Prefect, inclining, with civility, to Publius, 'the Christians have reached at no time fifty thousand. As for the conjecture touching the numbers who secretly embrace this injurious superstition, I hold it utterly baseless. It may serve a dying cause to repeat such statements, but they accord not with obvious fact.'

'Suspect me not, Varus,' hastily rejoined the agitated Publius, of setting forth such statements with the purpose to advance the cause of the Christians. I take no part in this matter. Thou knowest that I am a Roman of the old stamp. Not a Roman in my street is more diligently attentive to the services of the temple, than I. I simply say again, what I hear as news of my customers. The story which one rehearses, I retail to another.'

'I thank the gods it is so,' replied the man of power.

During these few words, I had stood partly concealed by a slender marble pillar. I now turned, and the usual greetings passed with the Prefect.

'Ah! Piso! I knew not my hearer. Perhaps from you' — smiling as he spoke — 'we may learn the truth. Rome speaks loudly of your late desertion of the religion and worship of your fathers, and union with the Galileans. I should say, I hoped the report ill founded, had I not heard it from quarters too authentic to permit a doubt.'

'You have heard rightly, Varus,' I rejoined. 'After searching through all antiquity after truth, I congratulate myself upon having at last discovered it, and where I least expected, in a Jew. And the good which I have found for myself, I am glad to know is enjoyed by so many more of my fellow citizens. I should not hesitate to confirm the statement made by Publius, from whatever authority he may have derived it, rather than that which has been made by yourself. I have bestowed attention not only upon the arguments which support Christianity, but upon the actual condition of the Christian community, here and throughout the empire. It is prosperous at this hour, beyond all former example. If Pliny could complain, even in his day, of the desertion of the temples of the gods, what may we now suppose to be the relative numbers of the two great parties? Only, Varus, allow the rescript of Gallienus to continue in force, which merely releases us from oppressions, and we shall see in what a fair trial of strength between the two religions will issue.'

'That dull profligate and parricide,' replied Varus, 'not content with killing himself with his vices, and his father by connivance, must needs destroy his country by his fatuity. I confess, that till that order be repealed, the superstition will spread.'

'But it only places us upon equal ground.'

'It is precisely there where we never should be placed. Should the conspirator be put upon the ground of a citizen? Were the late rebels of the mint to be relieved from all oppressions, that they might safely intrigue and conspire for the throne?'

'Christianity has nothing to do with the empire, as such. It is a question of moral, philosophical, religious truth. Is truth to be exalted or suppressed by edicts?'

'The religion of the state,' replied Varus, 'is a part of the state; and he who assails it, strikes at the dearest life of the state, and — forgive me — is to be dealt with — ought to be dealt with — as a traitor.'

'I trust,' I replied, 'that that time will never again come, but that reason and justice will continue to bear sway. And it is both reasonable and just, that persons who yield to none in love of country,

and whose principles of conduct are such as must make good subjects every where, because they first make good men, should be protected in the enjoyment of rights and privileges common to all others.'

'If the Christians,' he rejoined, 'are virtuous men, it is better for the state than if they were Christians and corrupt men. But still that would make no change in my judgment of their offence. They deny the gods who were over this nation, and have brought it up to its height of power and fame. Their crime were less, I repeat, to deny the authority of Aurelian. This religion of the Galileans is a sore, eating into the vitals of an ancient and vigorous constitution, and must be cut away. The knife of the surgeon is what the evil cries out for and must have — else universal anarchy is come. I mourn that from the ranks of the very fathers of the state, they have received an accession like this of the house of Piso.'

'I shall think my time and talent well employed,' I replied, 'in doing what I may to set the question of Christianity in its true light before the city. It is this very institution which it needs to preserve it. Christianize Rome, and you impart the very principle of endurance of immortality. Under its present corruptions, it cannot but sink. Is it possible a community of men can long hold together as vicious as this of Rome? — whose people are either disbelievers of all divine existences, or else ground to the earth by degrading superstitions? A nation, either on the one hand governed by superstition, or on the other, atheistical, contains within itself the disease which sooner or later will destroy it. You yourself, it is notorious, have never been within the walls of a temple, nor are Lares or Penates to be found within your doors.'

'I deny it not. Most who rise to any intelligence, must renounce, if they ever harbored it, all faith in the absurdities and nonsense of the Roman religion. But what then? These very absurdities, as we deem them, are holy truth to the multitude, and do more than all bolts, bars, axes, and gibbets, to keep them in subjection. The intelligent are good citizens by reflection; the multitude, through instincts of birth, and the power of superstition. My idea is, as you perceive, Piso, but one. Religion is the state, and for reasons of state, must be preserved in the very form in which it has so long upheld the empire.'

'An idea more degrading than yours, to our species, can hardly be conceived. I cannot but look upon man as something more than a part of the state. He is, first of all, a man, and is to be cared for as such. To legislate for the state, to the ruin of the man, is to pamper the body, and kill the mind. It is to invert the true process. The individual is more than the abstraction which we term the state. If governments cannot exist, nor empires hold their sway, but by the destruction of the human being, why let them fall. The lesser must yield to the greater. As a Christian, my concern is for man as man. This is the essence of the religion of Christ. It is philanthropy. It sees in every human soul a being of more value than empires, and its purpose is, by furnishing it with truths and motives, equal to its wants, to exalt it, purify it, and perfect it. If, in achieving this work, existing religions or governments are necessarily overturned or anni-

hiliated, Christianity cares not, so long as man is the gainer. And is it not certain, that no government could really be injured, although it might apparently, and for a season, by its subjects being raised in all intelligence and all virtue? My work, therefore, Varus, will be to sow truth in the heart of the people, which shall make that heart fertile and productive. I do not believe that in doing this, Rome will suffer injury, but on the contrary, receive benefit. Its religion, or rather its degrading superstitions, may fall, but a principle of almighty energy and divine purity will insensibly be substituted in their room. I labor for man — not for the state.'

'And never, accordingly, most noble Piso, did man, in so unequivocal words, denounce himself traitor.'

'Patriot! friend! benefactor! rather;' cried a voice at my side, which I instantly recognised as that of Probus. Several beside himself had drawn near, listening with interest to what was going on.

'That only shows, my good friend,' said Varus, in his smiling way, and which seems the very contradiction of all that is harsh and cruel, 'how differently we estimate things. Your palate esteems that wholesome and nutritious food, which mine rejects, as ashes to the taste, and poison to the blood. I behold Rome torn, and bleeding, and prostrate, and dying, by reason of innovations upon faith and manners, which to you appear the very means of growth, strength, and life. How shall we resolve the doubt? Who shall prescribe for the patient? I am happy in the belief, that the Roman people have long since decided for themselves, and confirm their decision every day, as it passes, by new acts and declarations.'

'If you mean,' said Probus, 'to say that numbers and the general voice are still against the Christians, I grant it so. But I am happy, too, in my belief, that the scale is trembling on the beam. There are more and better than you wot of, who hail with eager minds and glad hearts, the truths which it is our glory, as servants of Christ, to propound. Within many a palace upon the seven hills, do prayers go up in his name; and what is more, thousands upon thousands of the humbler ranks, of those who but yesterday were without honor in their own eyes, or others' — without faith — at war with themselves and the world — fit tools for any foe of the state to work with — are to-day reverers of themselves, worshippers of God, lovers of mankind, patriots who love their country better than ever before, because they now behold in every citizen not only a citizen, but a brother and an immortal. The doctrine of Christianity, as a lover of man, so commends itself, Varus, to the hearts of the people, that in a few more years of prosperity, and the face of the Roman world will glow with a new beauty; love and humanity will shine forth in all its features.'

'That is very pretty,' said Varus, his lip slightly curling, as he spoke, but retaining his courteous bearing, 'yet methinks, seeing this doctrine is so bewitching, and is withal a heaven-inspired wisdom, the God working behind it and urging it on, it moves onward with a pace something of the slowest. Within a few of three hundred years has it appealed to the human race, and appealed in vain. The feeblest and the worst of mankind have had power almost to annihilate it, and more than once has it seemed scarce to retain its

life. Would it have been so, had it been in reality what you claim for it, of divine birth? Would the gods suffer their schemes for man's good to be so thwarted, and driven aside by man? What was this boasted faith doing during the loved and peaceful reigns of Hadrian, and the first Antonine? The sword of persecution was then sheathed, or if it fell at all, it was but on a few. So, too, under Vespasian, Titus, Numa, Severus, Heliogabalus, the Philips, Galienus, and Claudius?

'That is well said,' a Roman voice added, of one standing by the side of Varus, 'and is a general wonder.'

'I marvel it should be a wonder,' rejoined Probus. 'Can you pour into a full measure? Must it not be first emptied? Who, Varus, let him try as he may, could plant the doctrine of Christ in thy heart? Could I do it, think you? — or Piso?'

'I trow not.'

'And why, I pray you?'

'It is not hard to guess.'

'Is it not because you are already full of contrary notions, to which you cling tenaciously, and from which, perhaps, no human force could drag you? But yours is a type of every other Roman mind, to which Christianity has been offered. If you receive it not at once, should others? Suppose the soul to be full of sincere convictions as to the popular faith, can the gospel easily enter there? Suppose it skeptical, as to all spiritual truth; can it enter there? Suppose it polluted by vice; can it easily enter there? Suppose it like the soul of Fronto —'

'Hush! hush!' said several voices. Probus heeded them not.

'Suppose it like the soul of Fronto, could it enter there? See you not, then, by knowing your own hearts, what time it must demand for a new, and specially a strict, doctrine, to make its way into the minds of men? 'Tis not easier to bore a rock with one's finger, than to penetrate a heart hardened by sin, or swelled with prejudice and pride. And if we say, Varus, this was a work for the God to do — that he who originated the faith should propagate it — I answer, that would not be like the other dealings of the divine power. He furnishes you with earth and seed, but he ploughs not for you, nor plants, nor reaps. He gives you reason, but he pours not knowledge into your mind. So he offers truth; but that is all. He compels no assent; he forces no belief. All is voluntary and free. How, then, can the march of truth be otherwise than slow? Truth, being the greatest thing below, resembles in its port the motion of the stars, which are the greatest things above. But like theirs, if slow, it is ever sure and onward.'

'The stars set in night.'

'But they rise again. Truth is eclipsed often, and it sets for a night; but never is turned aside from its eternal path.'

'Never, Publius,' said the Prefect, adjusting his gown, and with the act filling the air with perfume, 'never did I think to find myself within a Christian church. Your shop possesses many virtues. It is a place to be instructed in.' Then, turning to Probus, he soothingly, and in persuasive tones, added: 'Be advised now, good friend, and leave off thy office of teacher. Rome can well spare thee.'

Take the judgment of others; we need not thy doctrine. Let that alone which is well established and secure. Spare these institutions, venerable through a thousand years. Leave changes to the gods.'

Probus was about to reply, when we were strangely interrupted. While we had been conversing, there had stood before me, in the midst of the floor of the apartment, a man, whose figure, face, and demeanor were such, that I hardly could withdraw my eye from him. He was tall and gaunt, beyond all I ever saw, and erect as a Prætorian in the ranks. His face was strongly Roman, thin, and bony, with sunken cheeks, a brown and wrinkled skin — not through age, but exposure — and eyes more wild and fiery than ever glared in the head of Hun or hyena. He seemed a living fire-brand of death and ruin. As we talked, he stood there motionless, sometimes casting glances at our group, but more frequently fixing them upon a roll which he held in his hands.

As Varus uttered the last words, this man suddenly left his post, and reaching us with two or three strides, shook his long finger at Varus, saying, at the same time :

'Hold, blasphemer!'

The Prefect started, as if struck, and gazing a moment with unfeigned amazement at the figure, then immediately burst into a laugh, crying out :

'Ha! ha! Who in the name of Hecate have we here? Ha! ha! ha! — he seems just escaped from the Vivaria.'

'Thy laugh,' said the figure, 'is the music of a sick and dying soul. It is a rebel's insult against the majesty of heaven; ay, laugh on! That is what the devils do; it is the merriment of hell. What time they burn not, they laugh. But enough. Hold now thy scoffing, Prefect Varus, for high as thou art, I fear thee not; no! not wert thou twice Aurelian, instead of Varus. I have a word for thee. Wilt hear it?'

'With delight, Bubo. Say on.'

'It was thy word just now, 'Rome needs not this doctrine,' was it not?'

'If I said it not, it is a good saying, and I will father it.'

'Rome needs not this doctrine; she is well enough; let her alone!' These were thy words. Need not, Varus, the streets of Rome a cleansing river to purify them? Dost thou think them well enough, till all the fountains have been let loose to purge them? Is Tarquin's sewer a place to dwell in? Could all the waters of Rome sweeten it? The people of Rome are fouler than her highways. The sewers are sweeter than the very worshippers of our temples. Thou knowest somewhat of this. Wast ever present at the rites of Bacchus? — or those of the Cyprian goddess? Nay, blush not yet. Didst ever hear of the gladiator Pollex? — of the woman Cæcina? — of the boy Lælius, and the fair girl Faunia? — proffered and sold by the parents, Pollex and Cæcina, to the loose pleasures of Gallienus? Now I give thee leave to blush! Is it nought that the one half of Rome is sunk in a sensuality, a beastly drunkenness and lust, fouler than that of old which, in Judea, called down the fiery vengeance of the insulted heavens? Thou knowest well, both from early experience and because of thy office, what the purlieus of the



theatres are, and places worse than those, and which to name were an offence. But to you they need not be named. Is all this, Varus, well enough? Is this that venerable order thou wouldst not have disturbed? Is that to be charged as impiety, and atheism, which aims to change and reform it? Are they conspirators, and rebels, and traitors, whose sole office and labor is to mend these degenerate morals, to heal these corrupting sores, to pour a better life into the rotting carcass of this guilty city? Is it for our amusement, or our profit, that we go about this always dangerous work? Is it a pleasure to hear the gibes, jests, and jeers of the streets, and the places of public resort? Will you not believe that it is for some great end, that we do and bear as thou seest — even the redemption, and purifying, and saving of Rome? I love Rome, even as a mother, and for her am ready to die. I have bled for her freely in battle, in Gaul, upon the Danube, in Asia, and in Egypt. I am willing to bleed for her at home, even unto death, if that blood might, through the blessing of God, be a stream to cleanse her putrifying members. But O, holy Jesus! why waste I words upon one whose heart is harder than the nether mill-stone! Thou preachedst not to Pilate, nor didst thou work thy wonders for Herod. Varus, beware!

And with these words, uttered with a wild and threatening air, he abruptly turned away, and was lost in the crowds of the street.

While he raved, the Prefect maintained the same unruffled demeanor as before. His customary smile played around his mouth, a smile like no other I ever saw. To a casual observer, it would seem like every other smile, but to one who watches him, it is evident that it denotes no hilarity of heart, for the eyes accompany it not with a corresponding expression, but on the contrary, look forth from their beautiful cavities with glances that speak of any thing rather than of peace and good will. So soon as the strange being who had been declaiming had disappeared, the Prefect, turning to me, as he drew up his gown around him, said:

‘I give you joy, Piso, of your coadjutor. A few more of the same fashion, and Rome is safe.’ And saluting us with urbanity, he sallied from the shop.

I had been too much amazed, myself, during this scene, to do any thing else than stand still, and listen, and observe. As for Probus, I saw him to be greatly moved, and give signs of even deep distress. He evidently knew who the person was — as I saw him make more than one ineffectual effort to arrest him in his barangue — and as evidently held him in respect, seeing he abstained from all interruption of a speech that he felt to be provoking wantonly the passions of the Prefect, and of many who stood around, from whom, so soon as the man of authority had withdrawn, angry words broke forth abundantly.

‘Well did the noble Prefect say, that wild animal had come forth like a half-famished tiger from the Vivaria,’ said one.

‘It is singular,’ observed another, ‘that a man who pretends to reform the state, should think to do it by putting it into a rage with him, and all he utters.’

‘Especially singular,’ added a third, ‘that the advocate of a religion that, as I hear, condemns violence, and consists in the strictness with which the passions are governed, should suppose that he was

doing any other work than cutting a breach into his own citadel, by such ferocity. But it is quite possible his wits are touched.'

'No, I presume not,' said the first; 'this is a kind of zeal which, if I have observed aright, the Christians hold in esteem.'

As these separated to distant parts of the shop, I said to Probus, who seemed heavily oppressed by what had occurred, 'What dæmon,' said I, 'dwells in that body that has just departed?'

'Well do you say dæmon. The bitter mind of that man seems oftentimes seized upon by some foul spirit, and bound, and which acts and speaks in its room. But do you not know him?'

'No, truly; he is a stranger to me, as he appeared to be to all.'

'Nevertheless, you have been in his company. You forget not the Mediterranean voyage!'

'By no means. I enjoyed it highly, and recall it ever with delight.'

'Do you not remember, at the time I narrated to you the brief story of my life, that, as I ended, a rough voice from among the soldiers exclaimed, 'Where now are the gods of Rome?' This is that man, the soldier Macer; then bound with fellow soldiers to the service in Africa, now a Christian preacher.'

'I see it now. That man impressed me then with his thin form and all-devouring eyes. But the African climate, and the gash across his left cheek, and which seems to have slightly disturbed the eye, upon that side, have made him a different being, and almost a terrific one. Is he sound and sane?'

'Perfectly so,' replied Probus, 'unless we may say that souls earnestly devoted and zealous, are mad. There is not a more righteous soul in Rome. His conscience is bare, and shrinking like a fresh wound. His breast is warm and fond as a woman's. His penitence for the wild errors of his pagan youth, a consuming fire, which, while it redoubles his ardor in doing what he may in the cause of truth, rages in secret, and, if the sword or the cross claim him not, will bring him to the grave. He is utterly incapable of fear. All the racks and dungeons of Rome, with their tormentors, could not terrify him.'

'You now interest me in him. I must see and know him. It might be of service to him and to all, Probus, methinks, if he could be brought to associate with those whose juster notions might influence his, and modify them to the rule of truth.'

'I fear not. What he sees, he sees clearly and strongly, and by itself. He understands nothing of one truth bearing upon another, and adding to it, or taking from it. Truth is truth with him — and as his own mind perceives it — not another's. His conscience will allow him in no accommodations to other men's opinions or wishes. He is impatient under an argument as a war-horse under the rein, after the trumpet sounds. It is unavoidable, therefore, but he should possess great power among the Christians of Rome. His are the bold and decisive qualifications that strike the common mind. There is glory and applause in following and enduring under such a leader. Many are fain to believe him divinely illuminated and impelled, to unite the characters of teacher and prophet; and from knowing that he is so regarded by others, Macer has come almost to believe it himself. He is tending more and more to construe every impulse of

his own mind into a divine suggestion, and, I believe, honestly experiences difficulty in discriminating between them. Still, I do not deny that it would be of advantage for him more and more to come in contact with sober and enlightened minds. I shall take pleasure, at some fitting moment, to accompany you to his humble dwelling; the rather as I would show you, also, his wife and children, all of whom are, like himself, Christians.'

'I shall not forget the promise.'

Whereupon we separated. I then searched for Publius, and making my purchases, returned home, Milo following with the books.

As Milo relieved himself of his burden, discharging it upon the floor of the library, I overheard him to say:

'Lie there, accursed rolls! May the flames consume you, ere you are again upon my shoulders! For none but Piso would I have done what I have. Let me to the temple and expiate.'

'What words are these?' cried Solon, emerging from a recess. 'Who dares to heap curses upon books, which are the soul embalmed and made imperishable? What have we here? Aha! a new treasure for these vacant shelves, and most trimly ordered.'

'These, venerable Greek,' exclaimed Milo, waving him away, 'are books of magic! — oriental magic! Have a care! A touch may be fatal. Our noble master affects the Egyptians.'

'Magic!' exclaimed Solon, with supreme contempt; 'art thou so idiotic as to put credence in such fancies? Away! — hinder me not!' And saying so, he eagerly grasped a volume, and unrolling it, to the beginning of the work, dropped it suddenly, as if bitten by a serpent.

'Ha!' cried Milo, 'said I not so? Art so idiotic, learned Solon, as to believe in such fancies? How is it with thee? Is thy blood hot or cold? — thy teeth loose or fast? — thy arm withered or swollen?'

Solon stood surveying the pile, with a look partly of anger, partly of sorrow.

'Neither, fool!' he replied. 'These possess not the power or worth fabled of magic. They are books of dreams, visions, reveries, which are to the mind what fogs would be for food, and air for drink, innutritive and vain. Papias! — Irenæus! — Hegesippus! — Polycarp! Origen! — whose names are these, and to whom familiar? Some are Greek, some are Latin, but not a name famous in the world meets my eye. But we will order them on their shelves, and trust that time, which accomplishes all things, will restore reason to Piso. Milo, essay thy strength — my limbs are feeble — and lift these upon yonder marble; so may age deal gently with you.'

'Not for their weight in wisdom, Solon, would I again touch them. I have borne them hither, and if the priests speak truly, my life is worth not an obolus. I were mad to tempt my fate farther.'

'Avaunt thee, then, for a fool and a slave, as thou art!'

'Nay now, master Solon, thy own wisdom forsakes thee. Philosophers, they say, are ever possessors of themselves, though for the rest, they be beggars.'

“ ‘Beggars!’ sayest thou? Avaunt! I say, or Papias shall teach thee’ — and he would have launched the father at the head of Milo, but that, with quick instincts, he shot from the apartment, and left the pedagogue to do his own bidding.

So, Fausta, you see the Solon is still the inimitable old man he was, and Milo the fool he was. Think not me worse than either, for hoping so to entertain you. I know that in your solitude and grief, even such pictures may be welcome.

When I related to Julia the scene and the conversation at the shop of Publius, she listened not without agitation, and expresses her fears lest such extravagances, repeated and become common, should inflame the minds both of the people and their rulers against the Christians. Though I agree with her in lamenting the excess of zeal displayed by many of the Christians, and their needless assaults upon the characters and faith of their opposers, I cannot apprehend serious consequences from them, because they are so few and rare, and are palpable exceptions to the general character which I believe the whole city would unite in ascribing to the Christians. Their mildness and pacific temper are perhaps the very traits by which they are most distinguished, with which they are indeed continually reproached. Yet individual acts are often the remote causes of vast universal evil — of bloodshed, war, and revolution. Macer alone is enough to set on fire a city, a continent, a world.

I rejoice, I cannot tell you how sincerely, in all your progress. I do not doubt in the ultimate return of the city to its former populousness and wealth, at least. Aurelian has done well for you at last. His disbursements for the Temple of the Sun, alone, are vast, and must be more than equal to its perfect restoration. Yet his overthrown column you will scarce be tempted to rebuild. Forget not to assure Gracchus and Calpurnius of my affection. Farewell.

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#### HUMAN HAPPINESS.

##### I.

O THOU whom all admire, adore,  
Pursue, but ne'er possess,  
Away! — delude some easier fool,  
Thou phantom, Happiness!  
Thou art life's long, disastrous game,  
That can the craftiest beat;  
When Death looks on, but to reveal,  
When 'tis too late, the cheat.

##### II.

Safe is the whirlwind's boding calm,  
And true the treacherous sea,  
And real all the mirage paints,  
Compared, thou dream, with thee!  
Thy still retreating paradise  
Flies as we near the spot;  
A land from hope, our Pisgah still,  
Explored, but entered not.

## GOD.

THE Lord, the high and holy One,  
Is present every where;  
Go to the regions of the sun,  
And thou wilt find him there!

Go to the secret ocean caves,  
Where man hath never trod,  
And there, beneath the flashing waves,  
Will be thy Maker, God!

Fly swiftly on the morning's wing,  
To distant realms away,  
Where birds, in jewelled plumage, sing  
The advent of the day:

And where the lion seeks his lair,  
And reindeer bounds alone —  
God's presence makes the desert fair,  
And cheers the frozen zone.

All Nature speaks of Him who made  
The land, and sea, and sky;  
The fruits that fall, the leaves that fade,  
The flowers that bloom to die:

The lofty mount and lowly vale,  
The lasting forest trees,  
The rocks that battle with the gale,  
The ever-rolling seas:

All tell the Omnipresent Lord,  
The God of boundless might;  
In every age and clime adored,  
Whose dwelling is the light!

P. B.

## A SLICE OF BRANT:

OR A PASSAGE IN THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF THE RENOWNED THAYENDANEGEA.\*

BY COLONEL WILLIAM L. STONE.

THE month of April, 1780, found BRANT on the war-path, at the head of a small party of Indians and Tories, whom he led against the settlement of Harpersfield, which was taken by surprise, and destroyed. In consequence of their exposed situation, most of the inhabitants had left the settlement, so that there were but few persons killed, and only nineteen taken prisoners. Proceeding from Harpersfield, it was Brant's design to make an attack upon the upper fort of Schoharie, should he deem it prudent to encounter the risk, after duly reconnoitering the situation of the fort, and ascertaining its means of defence. The execution of this part of his project was prevented by an unexpected occurrence. Harpersfield was probably destroyed on the 5th or 6th of April. It happened that nearly at the same time, Colonel Vrooman, who was yet in command of Old Schoharie, had sent out a scout of fourteen militia-

\* We are indebted for this graphic sketch of stirring incidents in one of the border wars of the American revolution, to an unpublished work, which is more particularly noticed in subsequent pages.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

minute-men, with directions to pass over to the head waters of the Charlotte river, and keep an eye upon the movements of certain suspected persons living in the valley of that stream. It being the proper season for making maple sugar, the minute-men were likewise directed to remain in the woods and manufacture a quantity of that article, of which the garrison were greatly in want. On the 2d of April, this party, the commander of which was Captain Alexander Harper, commenced their labors in the 'sugar-bush,' at the distance of about thirty miles from Schoharie. They were occupied in the discharge of this part of their duty, very cheerfully and with good success, for several days, entirely unapprehensive of danger; more especially as a new fall of snow, to the depth of three feet, would prevent, they supposed, the moving of any considerable body of the enemy, while in fact they were not aware of the existence of an armed foe short of Niagara. But their operations were most unexpectedly interrupted. It seems that Brant, in wending his way from Harpersfield toward Schoharie, fell suddenly upon Harper and his party on the 7th of April, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately surrounded them—his force consisting of forty-three Indian warriors and seven Tories. So silent and cautious had been the approach of the enemy, that the first admonition Harper received of their presence, was the death of three of his little band, who were struck down while engaged in their work. The leader was instantly discovered in the person of the Mohawk chief, who rushed up to Captain Harper, tomahawk in hand, and observed, 'Harper, I am sorry to find you here!' 'Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?' replied the other. 'Because,' rejoined the chief, 'I *must* kill you, although we were school-mates in our youth'—at the same time raising his hatchet, and suiting the action to the word. Suddenly his arm fell, and with a piercing scrutiny, looking Harper full in the face, he inquired, 'Are there any regular troops at the forts in Schoharie?' Harper caught the idea in an instant. To answer truly, and admit that there were none, as was the fact, would but hasten Brant and his warriors forward to fall upon the settlements at once, and their destruction would have been swift and sure. He therefore informed him that a reinforcement of three hundred continental troops had arrived, to garrison the forts only two or three days before. This information appeared very much to disconcert the chieftain. He prevented a farther shedding of blood, and held a consultation with his subordinate chiefs. Night coming on, Harper and his ten surviving companions were shut up in a pen of logs, and guarded by the Tories, under the charge of *their* leader, a cruel fellow named Becraft, and of bloody notoriety in that war. Controversy ran high among the Indians during the night—the question being, whether the prisoners should be put to death or carried to Niagara. They were bound hand and foot, but were so near the Indian council as to hear much of what was said, and Harper knew enough of the Indian tongue to comprehend the general import of their debates. The Indians were for putting them to death; and Becraft frequently tantalized the prisoners, by telling them, with abusive tones and epithets, that



'they would be in hell before morning.' Brant's authority, however, was exerted effectually to prevent the massacre.

On the following morning, Harper was brought before the Indians for examination. The chief commenced by saying, that they were suspicious he had not told them the truth. Harper, however, had great coolness and presence of mind; and although Brant was eyeing him like a basilisk, he repeated his former statements without the improper movement of a muscle, or betraying the least distrustful sign or symptom. Being satisfied, therefore, of the truth of his story, Brant determined to retrace his steps to Niagara. This he did with great reluctance, admitting to Captain Harper that the real object of his expedition was to fall upon Schoharie, which place, as they had been informed, was almost entirely undefended. He had promised to lead his warriors to spoils and victory, and they were angry at being thus cut short of their expectations. Under these circumstances of chagrin and disappointment, it had only been with great difficulty that he could restrain his followers from putting them to death. Brant then said to Captain Harper, that he and his companions should be spared, on condition of accompanying him as prisoners of war to Niagara.

Their march was forthwith commenced, and was full of pain, peril, and adventure. The prisoners were heavily laden with the booty taken from Harpersfield, and well guarded. Their direction was first down the Delaware, where they stopped at a mill to obtain provisions. The miller was a tory, and both himself and daughters counselled Brant to put his prisoners to death. On the following day they met another loyalist, who was well acquainted with Brant, and with Captain Harper and his party. He assured the former that Harper had deceived him, and that there were no troops at Schoharie. The captain was, therefore, brought to another scrutiny; but he succeeded so well in maintaining the appearance of sincerity and truth, as again to avert the upraised and glittering tomahawk. On the same day an aged man, named Brown, was accidentally fallen in with and taken prisoner, with two youthful grandsons; the day following, being unable to travel with sufficient speed, and sinking under the weight of the burden imposed upon him, the old man was put out of the way with the hatchet. The victim was dragging behind, and when he saw preparations making for his doom, he took an affectionate farewell of his little grandsons, and the Indians moved on, leaving one of their number, with his face painted black — the mark of an executioner — behind, with him. In a few moments afterward, the Indian came up, with the old man's scalp dangling between the ramrod and muzzle of his gun.

Having descended the Delaware a sufficient distance, they crossed over to Oghkwaga, where they constructed floats, and sailed down the Susquehanna to the confluence of the Chemung, at which place their land-travelling again commenced. Being heavily encumbered with luggage, and withal tightly pinioned, the prisoners must have sunk by the way, at the rate the Indians travelled, and would probably have been tomahawked, but for the indisposition of Brant, who, providentially for the prisoners, was attacked with fever and ague; so that every alternate day he was unable to travel. These inter-

ruptions gave them time to rest and recruit. Brant wrought his own cure by a truly Indian remedy. Watching upon the southern side of a hill, where serpents usually crawl forth in the spring to bask in the sunbeams, he caught a rattlesnake, which was immediately made into soup, of which he ate. A speedy cure was the consequence.

But a new trial awaited the prisoners soon after they reached the Chemung. During his march from Niagara on this expedition, Brant had detached eleven of his warriors to fall once more upon the Minisink settlement for prisoners. This detachment, as it subsequently appeared, had succeeded in taking captive five athletic men, whom they secured and brought with them as far as Tioga Point. The Indians sleep very soundly, and the five prisoners had resolved at the first opportunity to make their escape. While encamped at this place during the night, one of the Minisink men succeeded in extricating his hands from the binding cords, and with the utmost caution unloosed his four companions. The Indians were locked in the arms of deep sleep around them. Silently, without causing a leaf to rustle, they each snatched a tomahawk from the girdles of their unconscious enemies, and in a moment nine of them were quivering in the agonies of death. The two others were awakened, and springing upon their feet, attempted to escape. One of them was struck with a hatchet between the shoulders, but the other fled. The prisoners immediately made good their own retreat, and the only Indian who escaped unhurt, returned to take care of his wounded companion. As Brant and his warriors approached this point of their journey, some of his Indians having raised a whoop, it was instantly returned by a single voice with the *death yell*! Startled at this unexpected signal, Brant's warriors rushed forward to ascertain the cause. But they were not long in doubt. The lone warrior met them, and soon related to his brethren the melancholy fate of his companions. The effect upon the warriors, who gathered in a group to hear the recital, was inexpressibly fearful. Rage, and a desire of revenge, seemed to kindle every bosom, and light every eye as with burning coals. They gathered round the prisoners in a circle, and began to make unequivocal preparations for hacking them to pieces. Harper and his men of course gave themselves up for lost, not doubting that their doom was fixed and irreversible. But at this moment deliverance came from an unexpected quarter. While their knives were unsheathing, and their hatchets glittering, as they were flourished in the sunbeams, the only survivor of the murdered party rushed into the circle and interposed in their favor. With a wave of the hand as of a warrior entitled to be heard — for he was himself a chief — silence was restored, and the prisoners were surprised by the utterance of an earnest appeal in their behalf. It has already been observed that Captain Harper knew enough of the Indian language to understand its purport, though unfortunately not enough to preserve its eloquence. In substance, however, the Chief appealed to his brother warriors in favor of the prisoners, upon the ground that it was not they who had murdered their brothers; and to take the lives of the innocent would not be right in the eyes of the Great Spirit. His appeal was effective. The passions of the incensed

warriors were hushed, their eyes no longer shot forth the burning glances of revenge, and their gesticulations ceased to menace immediate and bloody vengeance.

True, it so happened that the Chief who had thus thrown himself spontaneously between them and death, knew all the prisoners — he having resided in the Schoharie canton of the Mohawks before the war. He doubtless felt a deeper interest in their behalf on that account. Still, it was a noble action, worthy of the proudest era of chivalry, and, in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, would have insured him almost 'an apotheosis and rites divine.' The interposition of Pocahontas, in favor of Captain Smith, before the rude court of Powhattan, was perhaps more romantic; but when the motive which prompted the generous action of the princess is considered, the transaction now under review exhibits the most of genuine benevolence. Pocahontas was moved by the tender passion — the Mohawk sachem by the feelings of magnanimity, and the eternal principles of justice. It is matter of regret that the name of this high-souled warrior is lost, as alas! have been too many that might have served to relieve the dark and vengeful portraitures of Indian character, which it has so well pleased the white man to draw! The prisoners themselves were so impressed with the manner of their signal deliverance, that they justly attributed it to a direct interposition of the providence of God.

The march was now resumed toward Niagara, along the route travelled by Sullivan's expedition the preceding year. Their sufferings were great for want of provisions — neither warriors nor prisoners having any thing more than a handful of corn each for dinner. A luxury, however, awaited them, in the remains of a horse which had been left by Sullivan's expedition to perish from the severity of the winter. The wolves had eaten all the flesh from the poor animal's bones, excepting upon the under side. When the carcass was turned over, a quantity of the flesh yet remained, which was equally distributed among the whole party, and devoured. On reaching the Genessee river, they met a party of Indians preparing to plant corn. These laborers had a fine horse, which Brant directed to be instantly killed, dressed, and divided among his famishing company. They had neither bread nor salt; but Brant instructed the prisoners to use the white ashes of the wood they were burning, as a substitute for the latter ingredient, and it was found to answer an excellent purpose. The meal was partaken of, and relished as the rarest delicacy they had ever eaten. In regard to provisions, it must be mentioned, to the credit of Captain Brant, that he was careful to enforce an equal distribution of all they had among his own warriors and the prisoners. All fared exactly alike.

On his arrival at the Genessee river, and in anticipation of his own departure with his prisoners for Niagara, Brant sent forward a messenger to that post, bearing information of his approach, with the measure of his success and the number of his prisoners. But it was not merely for the purpose of conveying this intelligence that he despatched his *avant courier*. He had another object in view, as will appear in the sequel, the conception and execution of which add a link to the chain of testimony establishing the humanity and benevo-

lence of his disposition. Four days more of travel brought the party to within a few miles of the fort; and the Tories now took special delight in impressing upon the prisoners the perils and the sufferings they must endure, in the fearful ordeal they would have to pass, on approaching the two Indian encampments in front of the fort. This ordeal was nothing less than running the gauntlet, as it is called in Indian warfare — a doom supposed to be inevitable to every prisoner; and one which, by direct means, even Thayendanegea himself had not sufficient power to prevent.

The running of the gauntlet, or rather compelling their prisoners to run it, on the return of a war-party to their camp or village, is a general custom among the American aborigines — a preliminary that must precede their ultimate fate, either of death or mercy. It is not always severe, however, nor even generally so, unless in respect to prisoners who have excited the particular animosity of the Indians; and it is often rather a scene of amusement than punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner undergoing the ordeal. On entering the village or camp, he is shown a painted post at the distance of some thirty or forty yards, and directed to run to, and catch hold of it as quickly possible. His path to the post lies between two parallel lines of people — men, women, and children — armed with hatchets, knives, sticks, and other offensive weapons; and as he passes along, each is at liberty to strike him as severely and as frequently as he can. Should he be so unfortunate as to stumble, or fall in the way, he may stand a chance to lose his life — especially if any one in the ranks happens to have personal wrong to avenge. But the moment he reaches the goal he is safe, until final judgment has been pronounced upon his case. When a prisoner displays great firmness and courage, starting upon the race with force and agility, he will probably escape without much injury; and sometimes, when his bearing excites the admiration of the savages, entirely unharmed. But woe to the coward whose cheeks blanch, and whose nerves are untrue! The slightest manifestation of fear will deprive him of mercy, and probably of his life.\*

Such was the scene which Harper and his fellow-prisoners now

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\* 'In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner, at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were one day brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the Captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them. The youngest of them, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt. But the third, frightened at seeing so many men, women, and children, with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the Captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and would build him a large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. 'Run for your life,' cried the Chief to him, 'and don't talk now of building houses!' But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the Captain; who, at last, finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being badly bruised, and he was, beside, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward; while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.'

HECKWELDER.

had in near prospect. They of course well knew the usages of Indian warfare, and must expect to submit. Nor was the chance of escape from injury very cheering, enfeebled and worn down as they were by their journey and its privations. Miserable comforters, therefore, were their Tory guards, who were tantalizing them in anticipation, by describing this approaching preliminary cruelty. But on emerging from the woods, and approaching the first Indian encampment, what was the surprise of the prisoners, and the chagrin of their conductors, at finding the Indian warriors absent from the encampment, and their place supplied by a regiment of British soldiers ! There were only a few Indian boys and some old women in the camp ; and these offered no violence to the prisoners, excepting one of the squaws, who struck young Patchin over the head with an instrument which caused the blood to flow freely. But the second encampment, lying nearest the fort, and usually occupied by the fiercest and most savage of the Indian warriors, was yet to be passed. On arriving at this, also, the Indians were gone, and another regiment of troops were on parade, formed in two parallel lines, to protect the prisoners. Thus the Mohawk chief led his prisoners directly through the dreaded encampments, and brought them safely into the fort. Patchin, however, received another severe blow in this camp, and a young Indian menaced him with his tomahawk. But as he raised his arm, a soldier snatched the weapon from his hand, and threw it into the river.

The solution of this unexpected deliverance from the gauntlet-race was this : Miss Jane Moore, the Cherry Valley prisoner whose marriage to an officer of the Niagara garrison has already been mentioned, was the niece of Captain Harper, a fact well known to Brant. Harper, however, knew nothing of her marriage, or in fact of her being at Niagara, and the chief had kept the secret to himself. On his arrival at the Genessee river, his anxious desire was to save his prisoners from the cruel ordeal-trial, and he despatched a runner, as before mentioned, with a message to Jane Moore's husband, whose name was Powell, advising him of the fact, and proposing an artifice, by which to save his wife's uncle, and his associates, from the accustomed ceremony. For this purpose, by concert with Brant, Powell had managed to have the Indian warriors enticed away to the Nine Mile Landing, for a frolic, the means of holding which were supplied from the public stores. Meantime, for the protection of the approaching prisoners from the violence of the straggling Indians who remained behind, Powell caused the two encampments to be occupied in the manner just described. It was a generous act on the part of Brant, well conceived and handsomely carried through. The prisoners all had cause of gratitude ; and in the meeting with his niece in the garrison, Captain Harper found a source of pleasure altogether unexpected.

The prisoners, nevertheless, were doomed to long captivity. From Niagara they were transferred to Montreal, thence to a prison in Chamblee, and thence to Quebec. They were afterward sent down to Halifax, and only restored to their country and homes after

the peace of 1783. Their sufferings, during the three intervening years, were exceedingly severe, particularly in the prison at Chamblee, which is represented as having been foul and loathsome to a degree.

### THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,  
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay;  
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent  
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

'They come around me here, and say, my days of life are o'er,  
That I shall mount my noble steed, and lead my band no more;  
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now, that I,  
Their own liege lord and master born — that I, ha! ha! must die!

'And what is Death? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear;  
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?  
I've met him — faced him — scorned him — when the fight was raging hot;  
I'll try his might; I brave his power, defy, and fear him not!

'Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin!  
Bid each retainer arm with speed — call every vassal in;  
Up with my banner on the wall — the banquet-board prepare,  
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!

An hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was spread,  
And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;  
While from the rich dark tracery, along each vaulted wall,  
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,  
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;  
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,  
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

'Fill every beaker up, my men! — pour forth the cheering wine;  
There's life and strength in every drop — thanksgiving to the vine!  
Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim;  
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

'Ye're there, but yet I see ye not; draw forth each trusty sword,  
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board:  
I hear it faintly — louder yet! — what clogs my heavy breath?  
Up all! and shout, for Rudiger, '*Defiance unto Death!*'

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,  
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:  
'Ho, cravens! do ye fear him? — slaves, traitors! have ye flown?  
Ho, cowards! have ye left me to meet him here, alone!

'But I defy him — let him come!' Down rang the massy cup,  
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;  
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,  
There, in his dark, carved oaken chair, old Rudiger sat, dead!

Providence, (R. I.), February, 1838.



## C O U R A G E .

It is not fear, that on the brink  
 Of danger shakes the bold :  
 The pulse may falter, but the mind  
 Bears onward, uncontrolled.  
 There is, ere daring deeds be done,  
 A momentary strife ;  
 'Tis nature's due, e'en when we prize  
 Less than ourselves our life.

The throbbing heart, the quivering lip,  
 That shook a Marlborough's frame,  
 Were but the throes — the giant birth  
 Was Blenheim's deathless name !  
 Thus mother Earth most dreadful is,  
 When she hath most to dread :  
 The nations from *her trembling* fly,  
 And cities bow their head.

## R E M A R K S

ON AN ARTICLE ENTITLED 'A CRY AND PRAYER AGAINST THE IMPRISONMENT OF SMALL CHILDREN.'

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

SOME weeks since, chance threw into my hands the January number of the KNICKERBOCKER, wherein I read with attention a paper entitled, as well as I remember, 'A Cry and Prayer against the Imprisonment of Small Children.'

I have thought much of the sentiments expressed in that article, and of what the result might be to the succeeding generation, if the advice contained in it were complied with, to the letter. Whether the author himself made this a subject of serious reflection, I cannot pretend to say ; but as he pays our sex the compliment of addressing us pointedly, in more than one passage of his interesting appeal, I feel there can be no impropriety in transferring my thoughts to paper, in reply.

Myself the mother of a promising boy, I made the case my own in an instant, and imagined the effect it would produce on his vivacious, imitative character, were I at once to abandon the reins of discipline, and allow the lad to run the uncontrolled *out-of-doors* course, so strongly recommended in the article referred to. If a judicious father were ever at hand to direct his pursuits, to teach him 'to ride, to walk, and to shoot,' and to do all these well ; and above all, to teach him 'to tell the truth,' this very idea implies *instruction*, the best of instruction, derived from constant intercourse with a wise parent. But every body knows, that few boys can enjoy this advantage ; and every body knows, or may know, from observation, the consequences of the *let-run* system, too frequently adopted. Pernicious habits quickly appear, the result of unconstrained intercourse with such companions as he picks up in his rambles, who will not teach him even to play marbles *well*, and certainly will not confirm him in the practice of telling the truth.

I join most heartily in deprecating the injurious effects of a common school education ; and I agree as to the impropriety of placing

young children under the cramping influence of infant school discipline. The little urchins would flourish better under the smiles of a fond mother, and her judicious and practical instructions would imperceptibly lead the intellects and the morals together into the right path. Without the aid of book or pen, the education of a child may be considered in good train, while his faculties are permitted to develop themselves beneath the eye of such a parent. Yet are suitable books valuable assistants, introduced in the hours of rest which intervene even in the sports of childhood. They are seized upon as delightful resources. To learn to read, becomes in its turn a source of amusement, and an agreeable method of expanding his intellect is placed at once in the child's own hands. In this view only, can it be looked upon as a benefit to know how to read early, and should never be urged upon a child against his inclination; nor should a book be placed in his hands that contains one sentence beyond his comprehension, or that his mother cannot, in a few words, make clear to his understanding. So important does this appear, that I think parents and teachers would do wisely to remove, with the aid of a pair of scissors, every passage in a child's book that is beyond his faculties, so that when he begins to derive instruction from written words, a complete perspicuity of ideas may be retained in the child's mind.\* Surely, this gentle intellectual process need not interfere with the freedom of thought and action, so necessary for bodily and mental health. It does but give an additional means of healthful employment for the overflowing energies of childhood. To give free scope to these wild energies, instead of wisely directing them, our adviser would bid us mothers open our doors, show our boys the streets, and bid them go forth to learn 'to walk, to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth!' 'Lady,' I think I hear him say, 'you put too literal a construction on my words.' Well then, I will lay aside that idea, and merely go on to say, (with submission I venture the suggestion,) that there is far too much liberty allowed to our young citizens; too little wholesome home restraint exercised over their manners and morals. Rules of decorum are left to the school-master; discipline is confined to the school-room; the legitimate purposes of a school-room are not achieved; the reasoning faculties find little enlargement there; the scene too often consists in an injurious struggle between ignorant little rebels, and a mistaken though well-meaning pedagogue, who is as thankful as they are when the hour arrives that turns them once more into the streets, to the free indulgence of their mischievous propensities.

School tuition, then, is inefficient; school discipline is ineffectual. Something more, or rather something different, is wanting. More common sense, more judgment, are wanting in teachers, in lieu of common place learning; and, what is of far greater importance, more judgment, more strength of mind, are wanting in our young mothers. Address them again, kind Sir. Remind them of the important station they fill in society, as the mothers and early directors of a race of freemen. Tell them of the high responsibility of

\* SIR WALTER SCOTT reasons differently. He thinks that to be a little in advance of the child's comprehension, stimulates inquiry, and strengthens his young intellect. Vide LOCKHART's Memoir.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

the charge, and encourage them to cultivate their own intellects, that they may learn the better to guide the youthful ones which from them receive their earliest impressions.

A cutting remark appeared in one of the periodicals last year, on the '*diluted state of the intellects of women and girls.*' If such is indeed the unfortunate state, or low estimate, of our reasoning powers, is it not rather a subject of regret than of sarcasm? — and should not some efficient measures be taken in future to strengthen those intellects, on which so much of the character of our young citizens depends? This, methinks, would be a nobler aim than that of flattering our follies, and ridiculing our weaknesses.

But I must pause, or I may draw a rebuke from our friendly adviser, instead of a few more of the useful hints of which we all stand sufficiently in need.

#### TO MY WIFE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks,  
But morning brings no joy to me;  
Alas! my spirit only wakes  
To know I am afar from thee:  
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,  
And thou wert nestled on my breast;  
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,  
And to mine own thy heart was prest.

Afar from thee! 'T is solitude,  
Though smiling crowds around me be,  
The kind, the beautiful, the good —  
For I can only think of thee;  
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,  
My earliest, and my only one;  
Without thee, I am all unblest,  
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise  
My listless ear unheeded greet;  
What sweetest seemed in better days,  
Without thee, seems no longer sweet:  
The dearest joy fame can bestow,  
Is in thy moistened eye to see,  
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,  
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,  
But slumbers from my pillow flee;  
I cannot rest so far from home,  
And my heart's home is, love, with thee!  
I kneel before the throne of prayer,  
And then I know that thou art nigh;  
For God, who seeth every where,  
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his loved embrace,  
No distance can our hearts divide;  
Forgotten quite the mediate space,  
I kneel thy kneeling form beside:  
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,  
But soars the spirit far and free:  
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,  
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

G. W. B.

Charleston, (S. O.,) March, 1839.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL. By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of 'Society in America,' 'Illustrations of Political Economy,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 515. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MODERN political economists, of the second sex, and statesmen (if the bull be pardonable) of the feminine gender, have never commanded much of our admiration. When personally unknown, they have always seemed, in our imagination, to be 'bearded like the pard,' and to assume, in their manly labors, the port of an Ariel in top-boots; and acquaintance generally confirms these impressions. Hence we have never alluded to the dissertations, involving sundry varieties of national and social metaphysics, contained in a former work upon America, by Miss MARTINEAU. We hold with WALTER SCOTT, that no woman ever stepped from her appropriate sphere, how much notoriety soever she may have acquired, who did not lose far more than could by any possibility have been gained. As to the benefits conferred by the feminine speculations in question, we, as Americans, have but one opinion. They are *not* essential to the preservation of our institutions!

The 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' however, is open to none of the objections which were valid against its predecessor. The object of the writer is, to convey to the English public more of her personal narrative, and to sketch more of the lighter characteristics of men, and incidents of travel, than it suited her purpose to give in 'Society in America.' The result is, very graphic pictures of the general aspect of our country, its distinguished men, various manners, etc., all which we are glad to commend to the reader's attention.

The incidents of the voyage hither, though necessarily hackneyed in kind, are in many respects presented in rare and beautiful lights. We have pencilled a few passages of life at sea, and have *italicized* one or two sentences of painting by words:

"Our afternoons were delightful; for the greater number of the forty-two days that we were at sea, the sun set visibly, with more or less lustre, and all eyes were watching his decline. There was an unusual quietness on board just about sunset. All the cabin passengers were collected on one side, except any two or three who might be in the rigging. The steerage passengers were to be seen looking out at the same sight, and probably engaged as we were in pointing out some particular bar of reddened cloud, or snowy mountain of vapors, or the crimson or golden light, *spattered on the swelling sides of the billows as they heaved sunward*. Then came the last moment of expectation, even to the rising on tiptoe, as if that would enable us to see a spark more of the sun; and then the revival of talk, and the bustle of pairing off to walk. \* \* \* I know no greater luxury than sitting alone in the stern on fine nights, when there is no one within hearing but the helmsman, and sights of beauty meet the eye wherever it turns. Behind, the light from the binnacle alone gleams upon the deck; dim, shifting lights and shadows mark out the full sails against the sky, and stars look down between. The young moon drops silently into the sea afar. In our wake is a *long train of pale fire, perpetually renewed as we hiss through the dark waves*. On such a quiet night, how startling is a voice from the deck, or a shout of laughter from the cabin! More than once, when I heard the voices of children, and the barking of a dog from the steerage, I wholly forgot for the moment that I was at sea, and, looking up, was struck breathless at the sight of the dim, gray, limitless expanse. Never, however, did I see the march of the night so beautiful over hill, dale, wood, or plain, as over the boundless sea, roofed with its complete arch. The inexpressible silence, the undimmed lustre, the steady, visible motion of the sky, make the night what it can nowhere be on land, unless in the midst of the Great Desert, or on a high mountain-top. It is not the clear still nights alone that are beautiful. Nothing can be more chilling to the imagination than the idea of fog, yet I have seen exquisite sights in a night fog; not in a pervading durable mist, but in such a fog as is common at sea, thick and driving, with spaces through which the moon may shine down, making clusters of silvery islands on every side. This was an entirely new appearance to me, and the white archipelago was a spectacle of great beauty. Then, again, the action of the ship in a strong night-breeze is fine, cutting her steady way through the seething water, and dashing them from her sides so uniformly and strongly, that for half a mile on either hand the sea is as a white marble floor gemmed with stars; just like a child's idea of 'the pavement

of the heavenly courts.' Such are the hours when all that one has ever known or thought that is beautiful, comes back softly and mysteriously; snatches of old songs, all one's first loves in poetry and in the phantasmagoria of nature. No sleep is sweeter than that into which one sinks in such a mood, when one's spirit drops anchor amid the turbulence of the outward world, and her very power of the elements seems to shed stillness into the soul."

Here is a forcible description of a storm at sea:

"We were lying in the trough of the sea, and the rolling was tremendous. The captain wished to wear round, and put out a sail, which, though quite new, was instantly split to ribands, so that we had to make ourselves contented where we were. The scene was perfectly unlike what I had imagined. The sea was no more like water than it was like land or sky. When I had heard of the ocean running mountains high, I thought it a mere hyperbolical expression. But here the scene was of huge wandering mountains—wandering as if to find a resting place—with dreary leaden vales between. The sky seemed narrowed to a mere slip overhead, and a long-drawn extent of leaden waters seemed to measure a thousand miles; and these were crested by most exquisite shades of blue and green where the foam was about to break. The heavens seemed rocking their masses of torn clouds, keeping time with the billows to the solemn music of the winds; the most swelling and mournful music I ever listened to. The delight of the hour I shall not forget; it was the only new scene I had ever beheld, that I had totally and unsuspectingly failed to imagine."

That portion of the volumes which is devoted to the portraits of our most prominent political, clerical, and judicial functionaries, possesses much interest, and exhibits a marked power of intellectual and physical limning; while an air of freshness is imparted to the oft-repeated descriptions of American scenery, particularly that of the western states. Now and then we are favored with very pretty specimens of self-sufficiency and egotism. Witness this morceau:

"In one Massachusetts village, a large party was invited to meet me. At tea-time I was busily engaged in conversation with a friend, when the tea-tray was brought to me by a young person in a plain white gown. After I had helped myself, she still stood just before me for a long while, and was perpetually returning. Again and again I refused more tea, but she still came. Her pertinacity was afterward explained. It was a young lady of the village who wished to see me, and knew that I was going away the next day. She had called on the lady of the house in the afternoon, and begged permission to come in a plain gown as a waiter!"

How many American journals have contributed to the feeling which actuated this silly girl! Yet, after all, we are gradually acquiring self-respect; and every book of travel among us is contributing to this desirable end.

Miss MARTINEAU was highly delighted at Cincinnati. There she saw the 'best thing in the United States.' It was a negress, breakfasting in the midst of whites, at the public table of a large boarding-house. Also, in Boston, she met Mr. Garrison—a man 'with the most saint-like of countenances, wholly expressive of purity,' and a voice 'gentle as a woman's.' Moreover, he bears his honors so meekly, we are told, that 'his child will never learn at home what a distinguished 'great hero' of a father he has,' for even Miss Martineau herself forgot 'the deliverer of a race in the friend of the fireside!'

The following story, illustrating the manner in which an unintelligible religion is received by savages, must close our extracts:

"A missionary among a tribe of northern Indians, was wont to set some simple refreshment, fruit and cider, before his converts, when they came from a distance to see him. An old man who had no pretensions to being a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. What was that? He must know all about the Bible. When the time came, he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each:

"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon—"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

"Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah—"

"Stop, stop. What do you mean?"

"I mean—cider!"

This reminds us of the anecdote of an old Oneida squaw, who was present at the communion service of a missionary station, at the 'Castle,' where she heard the sacramental wine termed 'the blood of Jesus,' and where those who had been missed, in passing the cup, were requested to 'manifest it by rising.' She rose three or four times in succession, from her distant seat, each time receiving the cup, and rejoicing in a 'long swig.' At last, a young squaw exposed her ultra devotion. When remonstrated with for such unchristian conduct, her conciliatory answer was, 'I do love my Jesus so!'

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part Sixth. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

BUT one 'Part' remains unpublished of these admirable 'Memoirs,' and as that may soon be expected to issue from the press, we shall delay a notice in detail of the last three parts, until the whole work shall have been completed. Perhaps no one volume of the series is more interesting than the present. It contains a copious diary, kept by SCOTT during the most important periods of his life, embracing the death of his wife, the catastrophe of the publishing houses with which he was connected, and by which he was reduced from affluence to poverty; a triumphal excursion to Ireland, with a trip to London and Paris; interspersed with varied correspondence, numerous sketches of eminent men, and a history of the inception, progress, and completion, of some of his most renowned works.

We subjoin, as a specimen of the style of the diary, some unconnected passages recorded therein, immediately after the death of Lady Scott. Sir Walter has returned to Abbotsford, after a short absence, and finds his 'thirty years' companion' in her shroud. Bitter, for many months, were his emotions,

'Whene'er his thoughts were led  
To dwell upon the wormy bed  
And her together.'

Indeed, he seems ever after her death to have 'dragged a maimed life.'

"When I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone." \* \* "I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again." \* \* "Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gayety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious, yet certain hope, that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. \* \* I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces!' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said: when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since. They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of conjugal happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot fall. Oh my God!"

The annexed passages were written after the funeral at Dryburgh, which appears to have been a very imposing ceremony:

"The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me—the beautiful day, the gray ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage and flourish, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, and gaped for its prey. Then the grave looks, the hasty important bustle of men with spades and mattocks—the train of carriages—the coffin containing the creature that was so long the dearest on earth to me, and whom I was to consign to the very spot which in pleasure parties we so frequently visited. It seems still as if this could not be really so. \* \* Last night Charles and I walked late on the terrace at Kaeside, when the clouds seemed accumulating in the wildest masses both on the Eildon Hills and other mountains in the distance. This rough morning reads the riddle. Dull, drooping, cheerless, has this day been. I cared not for carrying my own gloom to the girls, and so sat in my own room, dawdling with old papers, which awakened as many stings as if they had been the nest of fifty scorpions. Then the solitude seemed so absolute—my poor Charlotte would have been in the room half a score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well, that is over—and if it cannot be forgotten, must be remembered with patience. \* \* I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead. I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow."

The work still preserves its original character, in the external matters of paper and printing. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway.



PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL. By ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT. In two volumes. pp. 688. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MR. JEWETT is an acute observer, and a faithful transcriber of clear impressions. Hence he has given us two just such volumes as a tasteful reviewer, sadly cramped for space, must needs condemn, in one sense, at least; for what avail dogs' ears, indicating a picturesque paragraph here, a lively page there, and a felicitous sentence in another place, when after all, the gratification of their perusal must be confined to one's self? Such is our case; and we are left but the alternative of commending the reader to the fountain-head. Would you bring before you London, with its sights and sounds; the scenery, people, and manners of England and Scotland; the French metropolis, with its press, its arts, its balls, festivals, theatres, dancers, singers; its statesmen, authors, poets; would you see these, read MR. JEWETT's volumes; and it shall come to pass, that you shall behold them, even as did the writer. Thenceforward, moreover, you will be glad to accompany the author to Italy, and wander over Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, with him, and among the mountains of Switzerland. Such 'passages of travel' as these may save you the *nausea marina*, and other expenses of the Atlantic passage; yet shall you be an accomplished traveller. And this result arises from a gift of travel-writing as rare as in the present instance it is preëminent.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES: OR SCENES IN A METROPOLIS. By JOSEPH C. NEAL. With Illustrations by DAVID C. JOHNSTON. In one volume. pp. 222. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

MR. NEAL deserves the hearty thanks of every lover of genuine humor, for the laugh-ter-moving volume which he has so timely put forth. He is a public benefactor, and should be so considered, and as such rewarded, who contributes toward allaying and ventillating the feverish and irritated feelings of the heavy-hearted, in times like these, when every third face one meets is 'awfully sour and persimmony,' by reason of 'the pressure.' 'Human life,' says Sir William Temple, 'even at the greatest and the best, is but a froward child, that must be played with, and humored a little, to keep it quiet.' He who amuses the troubled, or diverts unpleasant thoughts, then, is surely a literary Howard; and all honor should be his, therefor. Our author has gone out into the by-ways and thoroughfares of the metropolis, and from among the greasy multitude selected rare specimens of that numerous class of wights who hang loose, like rags, upon the back of society, and has made them 'heroes in history.' There is a *completeness* in his sketches, the result oftentimes of a few adroit touches with his charcoal, which is worthy of especial praise. He sacrifices nothing of nature to an overweening desire to startle or to shine. There are no premeditated impromptus interpolated into the dialogues of his speakers; but they talk just as such personages should, 'situated as they are.' Some of his illustrations are certainly odd enough, but then they are always lucid; and his perception of the lights and shades of character, in low life, are of the very nicest. In short, as a writer, he is what MOUNT is as a painter—Hogarthian to a degree. There is much excellent philosophy, moreover, in the volume, which steals upon the reader when he least expects to encounter it, and after the most oblique fashion. We proceed to instance some of the felicitous 'touches' to which we have alluded, in a few random extracts. The first is the soliloquy of a tall specimen of liquefied humanity, about to promenade a slippery street, all unlighted, because there was a moon which the corporation knew *should* have shone; but, being very cloudy, pedestrians were under the necessity of supposing the moonshine:

"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was; only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night in the dark; but it's a great advantage to a good looking evening, if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine. The fact is, that in this 'ere city, we do grow the blackest moons, and the hardest moons to find, I ever did see. Sometimes I'm most disposed to send the bellman after 'em—or

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get a full-blooded pinter to pint 'em out, while I hold a candle to see which way he pints. It would'n't be a bad notion on sich occasions to ask the man in the steeple to ring which way the moon is. Lamps is lamps, and moons is moons, in a business pint of view, but practically they ain't much, if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, in the raw, it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as perferately as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a hyst—either a forred hyst, or a backered hyst, or some other sort of a hyst—but more backerds than forerds, 'specially in winter. One of the most unfeeling tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, yaw-haw! when they see a gentleman ketching a rigglar hyst—a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down upon the cold bricks. A hyst of itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at; first, your sponce gets a crack; then, you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fire-works; then, you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it wasn't you, but some confounded disagreeable feller in your clothes; yet the jacksnipes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a puppet show. I would n't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you did n't care. But a man can't rise, after a royal hyst, without letting on he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for sensibility of a winter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small."

Some idea of the nature of his 'hysts,' may be gathered from an incidental description of his extraordinary procerity:

"I can't borrow coats, because I do n't like cuffs at the elbows. I can't borrow pants, because it is n't the fashion to wear knee-breeches, and all my stockings is socks. I can't hide when any body owes me a lambasting. You can see me a mile. When I sit by the fire, I can't get near enough to warm my body, without burning my knees; and in a stage-coach, there's no room between the benches, and the way you get the cramp—don't mention it!"

Here is another picture, which we ask each one of our readers fully to embody, and then say if it be not perfect. It is the portraiture of Mr. Duberly Doubtington:

"His eyebrows form an uncertain arch, rising nearly an inch above the right line of determination, and the button of his nose is so large and blunt as to lend any thing but a penetrating look to his countenance. His under lip droops as if afraid to clench resolutely with its antagonist; and his whiskers hang dejectedly down, instead of bristling like a *chevaux de frise* toward the outward angle of the eye. The hands of Mr. Doubtington always repose in his pockets, unwilling to trust to their own means of support, and he invariably leans his back against the nearest sustaining object. When he walks, his feet shuffle here and there so dubiously that one may swear they have no specific orders where to go; and so indefinite are the motions of his body, that even the tails of his coat have no characteristic swing. They look, not like Mr. Doubtington's coat-tails, but like coat-tails in the abstract—undecided coat-tails, that have not yet got the hang of any body's back, and have acquired no more individuality than those which dangle at the shop-doors in Water-street."

As elections are always pending, somewhere in the republic, a reference to 'Peter Brush,' and his advice touching 'politicianers,' may not be amiss. He is one who 'loves his country and wants an office; he don't care what, so it's fat and easy.' He has been in many a busy skirmish, and has often assisted to blow the bellows of party, till the whole furnace of politics was alive with sparks and cinders; but it has availed his personal interests little, for we find him on the side-walk, 'a little elevated,' presenting a dirty 'circular recommend' to a by-stander for his signature, 'for a fat post, either under the city government, the state government, or the general government.' 'Now, jist put your fist to it,' says he, in most persuasive tones, 'as he smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pencil, which he first moistened with his lips, and then offered to his interlocutor.' He adds:

"I've a genus for governing—for telling people what to do, and looking at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for—talking—that's my line—talking in the streets, talking in the bar-rooms, talking in the oyster cellars. Talking is the grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent, and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike—all ungrateful; no respect for genus—no respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off, and call it half a day."

'Dilly Jones' is a capital sketch. He has been successively driven from the employments of oyster-vending, 'pepree-pot'-soup peddling, though his 'cats was as fresh as any cats in the market,' from the bean-soup line, because his customers said, 'kittens was n't good done that way;' and, lastly, from wood-sawing, by the general consumption of coal. Time had changed every thing, and all occupations were carried on by labor-saving machinery. After declaring his intention of listing for a watchman, or turning city pig-catcher, a second thought strikes him:

"But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour, and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a rail-road, and try 'em with billing water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be billed fit to eat before they are done squealing."

By-and-by, folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea-kettles; no mouths, but safety valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

We have quoted but from a small portion of the volume, which abounds in similar etchings, interspersed with choice fragments of philosophy, and gems of humor. The illustrations, by JOHNSTON, are exceedingly clever. He has embodied the conceptions of the author with truth and spirit.

THE GIRL'S READING BOOK IN PROSE AND POETRY. For Schools. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume. pp. 243. New-York: J. ORVILLE TAYLOR, 'American Common School Union.'

MOST gladly do we welcome this teeming little volume, and as cordially commend it to the attention and affections of parents and children, teachers, and pupils, wherever these pages are read. Our readers are not unacquainted with Mrs. SIGOURNEY's masculine intellect, and her high gifts as a writer, both in poetry and prose. They will therefore know how to estimate the work before us, when we tell them, that as a whole, it has never been excelled by any thing from its author's pen, in the purity of its moral lessons, and the grace and simplicity of its style. Higher praise we could scarcely award it. A single extract from 'Early Recollections,' depicting, as with a pencil of light, the evils of intemperance and war, must limit our examples of the contents of this charming book:

"I saw a man with a fiery and a bloated face. He was built strongly, like the oak among trees. Yet his steps were weak and unsteady as those of the tottering babe. He fell heavily, and lay as one dead. I marvelled that no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

"I saw an open grave. A widow stood near it, with her little ones. They looked downcast and sad at heart. Yet methought, it was famine and misery, more than sorrow for the dead, which had set on them such a yellow and shrivelled seal.

"I said, 'What can have made the parents not pity their children when they hungered, nor call them home when they were in wickedness? What made the friends forget their early love? and the strong man fall down senseless? and the young die before his time?' I heard a voice say 'Intemperance! And there is mourning in the land, because of this.'

"So I returned to my home, sorrowing. And had God given me a brother or a sister, I would have thrown my arms around their neck, and entreated, 'Touch not your lips to the poison cup, and let us drink the pure water, which God has blessed, all the days of our lives.'

"Again I went forth. I met a beautiful boy weeping, and I asked him why he wept. He answered, 'Because my father went to the wars and is slain, he will return no more.' I saw a mournful woman. The sun shone upon her dwelling. *The honeysuckle climbed to its windows, and sent in its sweet blossoms to do their loving message.* But she was a widow. Her husband had fallen in battle. There was joy for her no more.

"I saw a hoary man, sitting by the wayside. Grief had made furrows upon his forehead, and his garments were thin and tattered. Yet he asked not for charity. And when I besought him to tell me why his heart was heavy, he replied faintly, 'I had a son, an only one. From his cradle, I toiled, that he might have food and clothing, and be taught wisdom.

"He grew up to bless me. So all my labor and weariness were forgotten. When he became a man, I knew no want; for he cherished me, as I had cherished him. Yet he left me to be a soldier. He was slaughtered in the field of battle. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul, returns no more.'

"I said, 'Show me, I pray thee, a field of battle, that I may know what war means.' But he answered, 'Thou art not able to bear the sight.' 'Tell me, then,' I entreated, 'what thou hast seen, when the battle was done.'

"'I came,' he said, 'at the close of day, when the cannon ceased their thunder, and the victor and vanquished had withdrawn. *The rising moon looked down on the pale faces of the dead.* Scattered over the broad plain, were many who still struggled with the pangs of death.

"They stretched out the shattered limb, yet there was no healing hand. They strove to raise their heads, but sank deeper in the blood which flowed from their own bosoms. They begged in God's name that we would put them out of their misery, and their piercing shrieks entered into my soul.

"Here and there, horses mad with pain, rolled and plunged, mangling with their hoofs the dying, or defacing the dead. And I remembered the mourning for those who lay there — of the parents who had reared them, of the young children who used to sit at home upon their knees.'

"Then I said, 'tell me no more of battle or of war, for my heart is sad.' The silver-haired man raised his eyes upward, and I kneeled down by his side.

"And he prayed, 'Lord, keep this child from anger, and hatred, and ambition, which are the seeds of war. Grant to all that own the name of Jesus, hearts of peace, that they may shun every deed of strife, and dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven.'

The poetry of the volume is in all respects equal to the prose, of which the above is but an average specimen.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MR. COOPER. — The following communications, placed in our hands by the author of the 'Pilot,' the 'Spy,' etc., will speak for themselves. We submit them to our readers without comment, farther than to ask attention to the collateral theme of international copy-right, embraced in the letter of Mr. COOPER, and the memorial of the AUTHOR OF WAVERLY, appealing 'to the liberality, perhaps in some sort to the justice,' of the American people. It gives us pleasure to see the arguments so often advanced in this Magazine, thus ably brought forward and sustained.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

GENTLEMEN: The diary of SIR WALTER SCOTT, as given by Mr. LOCKHART, contains the following allusions to myself:

'November 3, (1826). — Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners, or want of manners, peculiar to his countrymen. He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America, by entering the book as the property of a citizen. I will think of this. 'Every little helps, as the tod says, when,' etc.

'November 6. — Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsédés partout*. Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively, and exploded (I mean discharged) their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or entertain Mr. Cooper at all.'

'In the evening to Princess Galitzin, where were a whole covey of Princesses of Russia, arrayed in *tartan*, with music and singing to boot. The person in whom I was most interested, was Mad. de Boufflers, upward of eighty, very polite, very pleasant, and with all the acquirements of a French court lady, of the time of Mad. Sevigné, or of the correspondent rather of Horace Walpole. Cooper was there; so the Scotch and American lions took the field together. Home, and settled our affairs to depart.'

The foregoing extracts are the only instances in which I am honored by the notice of Sir Walter Scott, *so far as appears by the published diary*, during his visit to Paris, in 1826. As I have given the world reason to suppose that my relations with Sir Walter Scott, at that time, were of a nature very different from what this diary will sustain, I feel it due to myself and to the truth, to lay the whole matter more plainly before the public.

On the subject of manners, I have very little to say. Sir Walter Scott struck me as having national peculiarities of this sort, and it is not surprising that the feeling should be reciprocal. The manners of most Europeans strike us as exaggerated, while we appear cold to them. Sir Walter Scott was certainly so obliging as to say many flattering things to me, which I, as certainly, did not return in kind. As Johnson said of his interview with George the Third, it was not for me to bandy compliments with my sovereign. At that time, the diary was a sealed book to the world, and I did not know the importance he attached to such civilities. But it may be that the allusion to myself, in this diary, refers to a fact which will be found in the following statement.

When it was known that Sir Walter Scott had reached Paris, I wrote a letter to him, containing a proposition for publishing in America, by which I thought he might be benefitted, in the unfortunate situation in which he was understood to be then placed. As his incognito, though but flimsily preserved, had not been formally laid aside, at that time, and as he makes a very similar comment on American manners, in connexion with a supposed invasion of his privacy by a lady of this country, I am led to believe

that he thought my letter obtrusive, at the moment he made the entry in his diary. Of that letter I possess no copy. It was written, to the best of my recollection, plainly, simply, and with the feelings I then possessed; and I would cheerfully publish it, were it in my power. I purposely abstained from calling in person, in order that Sir Walter Scott, if he saw fit, might refer me to the publisher of the novels, or in any other manner evade the necessity of betraying himself. I confess I did not expect he would take any such course, the failure of Constable having rendered farther concealment next to impossible; nor was I disappointed. Sir Walter Scott visited me, opened the subject of the letter naturally, spoke of his works freely, and otherwise manifested any feeling but that of dissatisfaction at the liberty I had taken. The day but one after this visit, I breakfasted with him, on his own invitation, with a view to arrange our plan of operations; the day succeeding that, he was with me again, for an hour, when he handed me the letter which accompanies this statement, and we parted as friends. That evening I saw him for the last time in Paris, at the Princess Galitzin's, as mentioned in the diary.

Sir Walter Scott did not accept my proposition, but substituted a plan of his own. By this plan, he was to address a letter to me, in the character of the Author of *Waverly*, which was to contain an appeal to the American nation. For the authenticity of this appeal, I was to vouch, and I was to support it in the best manner I could. In order that the reader may better understand the whole matter, however, I give publicity to the following letters:

Mansion House, Philadelphia, March 9th, 1838.

GENTLEMEN:

SOME time in November, 1826, I wrote a letter to you, from Paris, enclosing one signed 'The Author of *Waverly*,' on the subject of the publication of his works in America. Doubtless you will recollect the circumstance, and most probably you retain the letters. You will much oblige me, by furnishing me with copies of both, and by relating the leading circumstances connected with their receipt, etc.

Very truly, yours,  
(Signed,)

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND CO.

Philadelphia, March 14th, 1838.

DEAR SIR:

IN answer to your letter of the ninth instant, we have the pleasure to enclose you a copy of your letter, addressed to our late firm, dated Paris, November 9, 1826, and which, as appears by the date of our answer, must have been received about the last of December, of that year. You have also a copy of the letter from the Author of *Waverly*, enclosed at that time in yours, the original of which is in the hands of a friend, who has made the transcript.

We are, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servants,

CAREY, LEA AND CO.

J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.

Monday morning, No. 6 York Buildings, }  
March 12th, 1838. }

MY DEAR SIR:

I SEND you an exact copy of SIR WALTER SCOTT's letter, *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, I was about to say, but that cannot with any propriety be said of a letter which is without any other points than periods.

There is no year, but it was written in 1826, and the words '*Rue Rivoli*' have been brushed over with the finger of the writer, but are quite legible in the original. The habit of signing his name, caused him to write his Christian name at the end of the letter; but a moment's reflection caused him to endeavor to obliterate it; it is still legible, however. I have copied the address to Mr. COOPER exactly.

Very truly, yours,

EDWARD D. INGRAHAM.

ISAAC LEA, Esq.



GENTLEMEN :

Paris, November 9th, 1826.

THE enclosed is a letter from the Author of Waverly, containing his decision on a subject which has been agitated between us, with much interest on my part. I was of opinion, that by proper assignments, and with sufficient care in publishing, copyrights might be obtained by an English subject, for the same work, both in England and in the United States. I fell into the error, by my recollections of an examination which I had once made, with a view to ascertain what privileges an American might enjoy, in a similar situation. I still think that he is permitted to control the sale of his works in the two countries, but I regret to see that a narrow, and as I conceive an impolitic, jealousy, has confined the right to works which are written by citizens, in our statute on the subject.

Cannot the force of public opinion be made to act in this case? You have the reasons of the Author of Waverly, and may add his feelings, as written by himself, in the enclosure. What would be the result, if you were to come before the public, with this communication to support you, making a pledge, on your parts, to account to a competent agent for a moiety of the profits of the work in question, and calling on other publishers to respect a right, which ought to be far more sacred than it could be made by any legislative enactments? It is needless that I should say any thing in favor of a man who has so long nobly neglected his interests, in this particular, and who now only consents to listen to my proposal to give them this tardy attention, under the pressure of circumstances, which may not be named, though they render his motives so highly honorable to his character and his principles. I know that the struggle with himself has been severe and painful; and that when he did determine to act in the matter, he manfully rejected all covert means to effect the desired object, but has come out with the dignity and frankness that became him.

If you think the appeal would be likely to be successful, permit me to name Mr. CHARLES WILKES, of New-York, as a gentleman whose character would serve the object of the plan, for a suitable person to receive the emolument of the author's moiety, and, should such a step be necessary to satisfy the captious, to examine the account of sales. The well-known and merited reputation of this gentleman, will serve to silence the pretended doubts of those who may be interested in raising them; and as he is personally known to the author, his correspondence with the latter can be direct and confidential. In order still farther to quell suspicion, I have affixed a certificate to the letter of the author, to show that the document is genuine. My signature is well known at home, and may be easily verified. It is proper that I should here add, that my communications with the author of Waverly on this subject have been of the most unreserved character. I pledge myself to the truth of the letter, and to the identity of the individual.

I could wish that this striking, and, as I conceive, touching appeal, to the justice of our nation, would open the eyes of her legislators to the defects in the law of copy-right, as it now stands. No two nations ever before existed, in circumstances like England and the United States. The former possessed all the literature, while the latter stood ready, full grown and matured, to receive any and every impression which the writers of her rejected mistress might choose to convey. Is it at all surprising, that England should have exercised her moral dominion over us, so long after her political sovereignty had ceased? Perhaps the evil was, from the nature of circumstances, in some degree unavoidable; but I conceive that no measure taken by our government, could have so well assisted them in retaining this power, as that provision of the law of copy-right, which says that the works of none but citizens shall be protected. The whole range of English literature is thrown open to the American publisher. He chooses his book, after it has gone through the ordeal of a nation of readers, and he offers it to his countrymen, supported by the testimony and praise of reviews, that in their turn have come before the American public with a similar flourish of trumpets, to announce their cleverness and spirit. Against this formidable array of names, and of forestalled opinion, the native writer has to make head, or to fail. But, as if not satisfied with this advantage, the law throws the resistless power of money into the foreign side of the scale. What publisher will pay a native writer for ideas that he may import for nothing? Now I conceive that if the law were so far changed, as to permit the authors, if proprietors, of any book, etc., which had not been before published in the States, to take out copyrights, it would in a great degree remove the evil. The measure would be liberal, at the same time that it would be just to ourselves.

I very well know that it may be said such a provision would raise the price of books, and that it would be creating a monopoly in favor of the large dealers. 'Monopoly' is always a safe cry in a popular government. But are not all laws of copy-right monopolies? They raise the price of books for a time, with a view to multiply them, and of course to extend knowledge. I readily grant, that so long as we can be content to import our ideas, we may receive them at a cheaper rate, under the present law; but then is it not wise to inquire into the prudence of giving such a large portion of the press into foreign hands, especially in a government that receives not only all its power, but its daily impulses, from popular will, and consequently from popular opinion?



Knowledge is progressive, and so must all improvements be, until they have reached the confines of human attainment. Hundreds of clever writers are thrown on the shelf, with us, merely because they cannot at once step into the foremost ranks of the authors of the day, and cannot receive money enough to put bread into their mouths, while they have time to improve. The instant a writer could enter into a treaty with a bookseller, without being shown something quite as good as his own, which the dealer has got for nothing, there would be an end of such glaring injustice.

If thoughts were like buttons, to be made of any given quantity of metal and gilding, it might be well to wait the march of time, until they are squeezed from us, 'will ye nill ye,' by the pressure of an overgrown population; but, unfortunately for the theories of political economists, ideas are not always to be had at command. It is therefore wise, to open every avenue by which they may be invited to communicate with the world.

At the time the law of copy-right was made, it would not have done, perhaps, to have said, that any book not before published in the States, should be protected, on the declaration of the author or proprietor, for the plain reason, that it would be depriving ourselves, without a sufficient motive, of the works already received into the language as classical. Perhaps the provision which confines the privilege to the citizen, was introduced partly with such a view of the subject. But the case is now changed. There is hardly a book worth having, which is not a reprint in America; and if it should be found that certain heavy scientific works are exceptions, it will be easy to say all *future books*.

I do really wish you would put these facts, with force, before the committee, if any thing is to be done with the law this winter. And I also invite your earliest attention to the contents of the enclosed letter. Every honorable man in the nation will be with you, in such an undertaking; and I sincerely hope that there will not be found a single individual so greedy or so base, as to give reason to an American to blush when he calls him countryman. You are at perfect liberty to make use of both these letters, as you may deem necessary to attain the object, which I confess to be one that lies as near to my wishes as any success of my own. Let me know the result, by an early reply.

I remain,

Gentlemen,

(Signed,)

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MESSRS. CAREY AND LEA.

I CERTIFY that the accompanying letter was put into my hands by the Author of *Waverley*, in his own person.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MY DEAR SIR:

I HAVE considered in all its bearings the matter which your kindness has suggested. Upon many former occasions, I have been urged by my friends in America to turn to some advantage the sale of my writings in your country, and render that of pecuniary avail, as an individual, which I feel as the highest compliment as an author. I declined all these proposals, because the sale of this country produced me as much profit as I desired, and more — far more — than I deserved. But my late heavy losses have made my situation somewhat different, and have rendered it a point of necessity, and even duty, to neglect no means of making the sale of my works effectual to the extrication of my affairs, which can be honorably and honestly resorted to. If, therefore, Mr. Carey, or any other publishing gentleman, of credit and character, should think it worth while to accept such an offer, I am willing to convey to him the exclusive right of publishing the *Life of Napoleon*, and my future works in America, making it always a condition, which indeed will be dictated by the publisher's own interest, that this monopoly shall not be used for the purpose of raising the price of the work to my American readers, but only for that of supplying the public at the usual terms.

The terms which I should think proper, would be those usual betwixt the authors and booksellers, viz: half to the former of the clear profits, and if Mr. Carey should be the contracting party, I should think him entitled in equity to retain out of the author's share any sum which he may have paid to the British publishers for an early transmission of proof-sheets now in progress. I would also be desirous to give full time — say weeks — to publish the work in America, before it was published here.

I make this proposal the more readily, because I believe that a distinguished American author, for whom, both in his literary and private character, I have the highest respect, has in similar circumstances received the protection of British law, and because the literature of both countries must always remain a common property to both; nor can any thing tend better to support the mutual good understanding betwixt the kindred nations, than the assimilation of their laws concerning literary property.

At any rate, if what I propose should not be found of force to prevent piracy, I cannot

but think, from the generosity and justice of American feeling, that a considerable preference would be given in the market to the editions emanating directly from the publisher selected by the author, and in the sale of which the author had some interest.

If the scheme shall altogether fail, it at least infers no loss, and therefore is, I think, worth the experiment. It is a fair and open appeal to the liberality, perhaps in some sort to the justice, of a great people; and I think I ought not, in the circumstances, to decline venturing upon it. I have done so manfully and openly, though not perhaps without some painful feelings, which, however, are more than compensated by the interest you have taken in this unimportant matter, of which I will not soon lose the recollection.

I am, dear Sir,

With the best thanks for your great kindness,

Your obliged humble servant,

*Rue Rivoli,*  
*Paris, 26 November.* }

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.

[1826.]

Addressed to 'Mr. COWPER, Author of 'The Pioneers,' etc., etc., etc.'

The original letter of Sir Walter Scott, signed 'The Author of Waverly,' and written in his own hand, was given to Mr. Ingraham, as a literary curiosity, by Mr. Henry Carey, and is now in the possession of the former gentleman. The few words of mine, which precede it, were written to establish its authenticity.

Of the result of the plan that is here published, it is unnecessary to say more, than that it failed entirely. But a few explanations seem proper, on account of some confusion in the dates. The letter of Sir Walter Scott is dated Paris, November 26th, the year being omitted. On the 26th November, 1826, agreeably to the diary, he was at Abbotsford. The letter was handed to me, after being signed in my presence, on the sixth of November, 1826, and was forwarded by me to Carey and Lea, on the ninth of the same month. In this letter I am called, 'Mr. Cowper, author of the Pioneers, etc. etc.' although my name in the diary is correctly spelled, as it was also in sundry notes and letters received from Sir Walter Scott. The error in the date may be attributed to an ill-digested attempt to preserve his incognito, or it may have been accidental.

The writer of a diary, in the circumstances of Sir Walter Scott, if he do not destroy it while living, is virtually the publisher of that diary. I now appeal to every fair-minded man, let him belong to what country he may, whether Sir Walter Scott might not have omitted some of the 'gentle ravishing,' and the 'explosions' of French compliments, to give place to a few words in his diary, on the subject of this appeal to a 'great people.'

It has been suggested to me, by almost every friend to whom I have mentioned this affair, that it is probable Mr. Lockhart has mutilated the diary of Sir Walter Scott, in the spirit in which he is thought to have reviewed a late work of mine on England. This I do not believe. The diary is incorrect, to my certain knowledge, in a variety of other things, as well as in its dates. I did not breakfast with Sir Walter Scott on the day that I met him at the soirée of the Princess Galitzin, for instance, but the day before; nor do I believe that Mr. Lockhart wrote the review in question. Indeed, I cannot believe the latter, without entertaining the worst possible opinion of his veracity, on more accounts than one. The reviewer goes out of his way to say he did not know of my being in England, etc., while I have given an account of my being at two dinners with Mr. Lockhart, as well as of his introducing me to Mrs. Lockhart. I have understood this supererogatory statement to be an avowal of the editor of the review, that he had no connexion with that particular article; a connexion, by the way, of which every man who is at all scrupulous on the points of truth and decency, would naturally be very anxious of clearing himself.

Enough has probably been said, to show that Mr. Lockhart could not have written

the review, and that he does not wish to be considered its author; but so fair an opportunity offers to rebuke the provincial credulity of a very presuming, and yet a very ignorant, portion of the American reading public, that I cannot refrain from presenting another circumstance, which goes to confirm this impression. With a view to throw discredit on me, and in that strain of audacious falsehood which distinguishes his whole article, the reviewer asserts that a breakfast in London is considered but an equivocal compliment, and is only given to those of whose characters, manners, or social condition, there is some doubt. The review and the diary were in press simultaneously, and their respective proof-sheets must have been under examination at the same time. Now it appears by the latter, that Sir Walter Scott either had company to breakfast himself, when in London, in 1826, or breakfasted out, nearly every day of his two visits, in going to, or returning from, Paris. What is more, he breakfasted at some of the very houses where I breakfasted, and with some of the very same companions. Mr. Lockhart is not so dull a man as to make a blunder so egregious as that connected with these facts. Again: the reviewer ridicules my observations concerning the inaccuracy of the celebrated description of the cliffs of Dover, by Shakspeare, even perverting my meaning, and my language, in order to do so. It appears, oddly enough, that Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, (November ninth,) has the following words: 'The cliff to which Shakspeare gave his immortal name, is, as the world knows, a great deal lower than his description implied. Our Dover friends, justly jealous of the reputation of their cliff, impute this diminution of its consequence to its having fallen in repeatedly since the poet's time. *I think it more likely that the imagination of Shakspeare, writing, perhaps, at a period long after he may have seen the rock, had described it such as he conceived it to have been.* Beside, Shakspeare was born in a flat country, and Dover cliff is at least lofty enough to have suggested the exaggerated features to his fancy.' No one can read this, the observations I have made in the book on England, and the reviewer's comments, and then suppose Mr. Lockhart to have had any thing to do with the review.\*

I believe this part of Sir Walter Scott's diary to be strictly his own, and I know it to be incorrect, in several particulars, that do not affect myself. One important omission has been exposed, and, I think, proved. As to the *opinions*, the following fact may establish still more. Sir Walter Scott speaks of the extraordinary acquirements of Madame de Boufflers. This may be true enough; but all that he could know personally on that point, was obtained in an interview of a very few minutes, in a crowded room, and through the medium of a language that he scarcely spoke at all, or understood when spoken!

There is one other indirect allusion to myself in this diary, as the author of the Pilot. 'October 21.—Hurried away to see honest Dan Terry's theatre, called the Adelphi,

\* This review is said to have been written by one formerly connected with the marine affairs of Great Britain. In a note, speaking of my having objected to Shakspeare's making the gradation of comparison from the ship to the boat, and from the boat to the buoy, in connexion with this very subject, this person says: 'We have taken the trouble of inquiring how the proportion really is, and we are informed, that of a sloop of war, the jolly-boat is, in round numbers, about one sixth of the length of the hull, and the buoy one sixth of the jolly-boat; so that, even in this miserable detail, our nautical critic is absolutely wrong.' By *length*, this person must mean *dimensions*, or he means a quibble. The point in discussion was size, as seen from a height, and a rope-yarn a mile *long* would not be visible at a hundred yards. If this proposition be true, the jolly-boat of a ship of six hundred tons burthen, must itself be of one hundred tons burthen! It is said to be a poor rule that will not work both ways; so we will put this to another test. The dimensions of the jolly-boat of a ship of six hundred tons, are actually about equal to one ton in measurement; and it follows, necessarily, from the reviewer's proposition, that it would hold six hundred buoys! It is scarcely required to tell any man, of two sound ideas, that the distance which would diminish a ship to the apparent size of her boat, would swallow up the latter entirely; but this fact was much too profound for the sagacity of the contributor of the Quarterly. But the article is unworthy of notice, except as it is connected with the other matters laid before the reader.

where we saw the Pilot, (the drama,) from an American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, *assigned by the original author to the British*, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this, that is of a rare and peculiar character.' Coming from an ordinary man, I should conceive this opinion unworthy of attention. The novel and the drama are both before the world, and I leave it for gentlemen, English or American, to decide on the spirit and tone of each; but, just thirteen days after the date of this entry, Sir Walter Scott met the author of the Pilot, and his first words, when the common salutations had been paid, were a compliment on the liberality and courtesy the latter had shown to the English, while, agreeably to an author's privilege, he had maintained the proper ascendancy of his own countrymen.

Different individuals will judge the omission pointed out in the diary differently, or according to their several moral temperaments; but, after the evidence that has been given here, I trust no one will accuse me of having exaggerated the nature of the intercourse I had with Sir Walter Scott, during his visit to Paris, in 1826.

Yours, etc.,

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE 'PALMYRA LETTERS' IN ENGLAND. — The last number of the 'London and Westminster' Quarterly Review contains an elaborate critique upon, and very copious extracts from, the 'Palmyra Letters.' The reviewer opens his article, by quoting a paragraph from Miss MARTINEAU's 'Society in America,' wherein that clever peripatetic philosopheress refers, in laudatory phrase, to the 'Letters,' and the KNICKERBOCKER, in which they first met her eye, where, with her previous impressions, derived from such specimens of American periodical literature as she had then seen, she says she scarcely expected to find merit so exalted. This strong testimony, it is affirmed, excited a natural desire in the mind of the reviewer for a nearer acquaintance with a production so highly commended. After remarking that there is ample food for love and admiration in the volumes, he goes on to say, that the style will forcibly remind the reader of Fenelon, by its union of a gentle and peace-loving spirit with the warmest sympathy for the active and energetic virtues; and a striking facility of kindling with the imagination, merely, at the conception of scenes of bloodshed and mortal struggle, is especially noted. Another prominent merit claimed for the 'Letters,' is, that they present, for the first time, a living picture of very ancient scenes and manners. The historical period is most felicitously chosen. During the reign of Nero or Vespasian, and Constantine, Christianity was working itself upward from the poorest and most despised classes, through the whole body of civilized society, while military despotism was in the same time working downward. It is within this space of history, that the episode of Palmyra, that magnificent Venice of the great Syrian desert, occurs; and our correspondent is declared to have been the first writer who has illustrated the era in which the power of Christianity began to be felt, and its under-currents to flow, with ever-increasing rapidity, in silent and unseen depths. The great emporium of the commerce of the desert is clothed with the very spirit of poetry and romance. Characters and events are described with great beauty and power, and with strict fidelity to the facts of history, while a strong dramatic interest pervades the entire performance. The reviewer observes, in conclusion, that without being, perhaps, the literary Messiah, which Miss MARTINEAU says the American people are looking for, 'there is that in the writer which, in the present state of literature, deserves to be prized most highly, and which entitles him to a most honorable place among the writers, not only of his own country, but of ours, at the present time. We do not refer to his extraordinary power of throwing his own mind, and of making his readers throw theirs, into the minds and into the cir-

cumstances of persons who lived far off, and long ago; of making us see things as those persons saw or might have seen them. We give him a higher praise. He is one of the few (and among writers of fiction they were never so few as in this age) who can conceive, with sufficient strength and reality to be able to represent, genuine, unforced nobleness of character.' It is an additional title to praise in the author, that he has nobly elevated the character of woman, in such portraitures as those of Zenobia, Fausta, and Julia. This is an imperfect synopsis of the review in question; which we submit to the reader, with the relevant or suggested inquiry, whether he does not perceive, in the matériel shadowed forth, in the 'Letters from Rome,' in the last and present number, a field as wide and fruitful for such a reaper, as was occupied so successfully in gathering the rich harvest of the 'Letters from Palmyra?' If the reader does not, we wot who does.

## THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — Since our last communication on theatrical matters, diverse and interesting have been the doings at this house. The 'Love Chase' has been produced, and many times repeated, to the delight of some, the satisfaction of others, and to the regret, we *hope*, of all who ever placed faith in the genius of the author of the Hunchback. It is too late in the day to attempt a labored criticism of the 'Love Chase.' To say that it possesses but few of the beauties of the earlier efforts of Knowles, and many, *very many*, of their worst faults, is only to repeat the judgment already bestowed upon it. To Mrs. SHAW's delightful manner, and sprightly acting of the part of 'Constance,' is to be attributed the temporary success of the play. The rest of the characters, although generally well sustained, do not in themselves possess sufficient merit to raise the piece above the inglorious level of mediocrity. In all of the late productions of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, there is an affected imitation of the quaint style of the old masters, sufficiently palpable to make the 'judicious grieve;' but which, in the play of the 'Love Chase,' is carried to the extent of flat absurdity. The most common prose sentence, is here, by the simple transposition of words, metamorphosed into what the author no doubt complacently considers an antique model of the true blank verse; and sooth to say, it is indeed of the blankest. Without a poetical thought, without even the dignity of elevated language, string after string of this hallucinated prose is drawn out, and made to express the common-place nothings of the dramatis personæ, as it might be thus:

## PROSE IN A STATE OF SOBRIETY.

It was cloudy this morning at sunrise, and if this east wind holds, I should not wonder if we had rain before night; so, Gertrude, dear, I would advise you to put on your India rubbers, if you are going out.

## THE SAME, 'A LITTLE ELEVATED.'

Arose in clouds this morn the moody sun  
Breathes now the wat'ry orient its sighs,  
Which if suspiring still its purpose hold,  
Before the evening hour belike 't will rain;  
So, neighbor Gertrude, in the open street  
To venture not, by me be well advised,  
Without encasement of your tender feet  
In water-proof catoutchouc!

We are forced to believe that this system of bald charlatanism will, if persisted in, totally destroy the just effect of whatever real merit the future productions of KNOWLES may possess.

A divertisement, dramatized from the 'Pickwick Papers,' has been produced at the Park, with all the bustle and crowd of a heterogenous mass of characters, but without the inimitable comedy which belongs to the original. That arch, faithful, and philosophical wag, Samivel Veller, loses all his piquancy and smartness, and the quiet, good-natured absurdity of the respectable Mr. Pickwick, becomes a vapid piece of stupidity. The sleepy fat boy, as exhibited by Mr. PLACIDE, is the only character which seems unadulterated by the dramatic transformation. The piece is in three acts, and would be much improved by the subtraction of two. After all the characters have once been seen, and each given a taste of his peculiar quality, the fun of the thing is over, and all that follows is necessarily a sort of repetition, which soon becomes dull and tiresome.



THE BAYADERE has been danced and sung, until its most excessive admirers have been surfeited. Why is it that a new ballet cannot be produced, for the farther display of the favorite LECOMTE? Both herself and husband have shown themselves superior artists, in separate branches of theatrical talent, and both should have a fair opportunity of maintaining the high opinion which they have gained, by some novelty which should exhibit them in situations and characters not entirely worn out.

A Mr. NEAFIE has lately appeared at this house; and notwithstanding the dull season, and the almost universal prejudice which seems to exist against all unfledged tragedians, he was enabled to create a favorable impression, and to give promise of something more than a mere walking hero. It is quite worthy of remark, that during the almost universal stagnation of business-life which this city has so lately experienced, there has been an unusual degree of spirit among these amateur histrions, who, humbly conscious of that 'within which passeth show,' and continually feeling the romantic influence of the 'divine afflatus,' as it breathes like the 'sweet south' over the sensitive surface of their placid cerebella, are ever anxious for the fitting moment wherein to 'witch the world' by the brilliant scintillations of their towering genius: as if the intellectual spirit of KEAN, KEMBLE, GARRICK, and Mrs. SIDDONS, had, through some divine process, been condensed into one pure essential oil of superhuman virtue, one tiny drop of which were enough to sublimate and transform men into gods, for the express purpose of anointing the souls and etherealizing the spirits of these theatrical aspirants, who, seizing at once the top round of that towering ladder, to grasp which the unforgotten great thought the duration of a life too short, do there, with the utmost complacency, flap their embryo wings, yet innocent of feathers, and stretching out their long, scraggy necks, scream forth a cadence which they fancy has the true twang of the barn-yard, but which reminds all else who hear it, of the unsophisticated gabble which, of a soft morning in June, sometimes breaks the stillness of a goose-pond. The foregoing is a long sentence, certainly, but there is enough of truth in it to make amends for its prolixity.

Better days are coming. A new opera, by BALFE, we believe, entitled the 'Siege of Rochelle,' is on the tapis, for M<sup>DE</sup> CARADORI, BROUGH, and SHEPARD. BROUGH has added much to his reputation, during his last visit to America. As a bass, in English opera, the Park has not acknowledged his equal; and from the good taste and propriety with which he executed the part of the Marquis, in 'Fra Diavolo,' we have reason to believe that his voice admits of a tone which the public have heretofore had no opportunity of appreciating. We hope, on his return, to witness him again in some tenor part.

Mrs. Wood, 'a happy wife, and happier mother, now,' will soon be among us again; and the cheering melody of our old favorite will give to opera its wonted influence, and make the walls of 'Old Drury' resound again with the welcoming and enthusiastic plaudits of the lovers of song. The KEELEYS, too, are coming, those nice 'little people,' who have already so snugly taken up their abode in the south-west corner of our affections. They are coming, to make us laugh with one eye, and cry with the other. 'Give them God speed!'

c.

FOREIGN LITERARY SUMMARY. — Mr. ADDISON, the distinguished traveller, is preparing a narrative of his adventures and researches at Palmyra, and its still magnificent ruins, on the edge of the great Syrian Desert. Some of our favorite contributors are coming 'copiously' before the English reading public. Miss SENDEWICK's 'Live and Let Live,' 'Love Token for Children,' etc., are announced as ready for publication, as also 'Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra' — our 'Palmyra Letters,' under a new title. PRES-COTT's 'Ferdinand and Isabella' is highly commended in the English reviews and magazines. A second edition has already been called for in this country.



A TALK WITH SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—Among our unappropriated literary stores, are several essays and narratives, all touching upon the general theme of childhood, and the return of the writers, after years of absence, to the homes of their youth. Some of these are characterized by deep and pure feeling, but are yet wanting in novelty, as well as in the graces of finished composition. We refer to them, because we desire it to be understood that we do not regard with indifference these out-pourings of kindred hearts. They honor the susceptible sources whence they well. One dwells upon the changes his birth-place had undergone, since he last beheld it. The brook, along whose margin he had so often wandered, appeared strangely dwindled to a mere rill. Mountains that seemed, in his young imagination, to lie along the very horizon, were now but a little way off, and seemed like pigmy hills, scarcely larger than the wind-row of the mower, in the meadow-field of summer. Still was the scene fruitful to him of cherished memories. In that meadow, were the 'strawberry-spots'; in those ploughed fields he had labored; and along those swelling uplands he had loitered a thousand times, echoing back the voices of fellow lads on the opposite hills. Morning, noon, and night—the warm rain-storm and the pleasant sunshine—the soft damp snow-fall, and the balmy southern wind—all seasons, spring and autumn, summer and winter—all had a charm for his young heart. In the sweet sadness of these clustered remembrances, he finds himself leaning upon the simple head-stone of his mother's grave, just as the 'fire in the west fades out,' and while 'all the air a solemn stillness holds:'

———'An image of stone he stands,  
And hides his face in his trembling hands.'

He looks back through a vista of vanished years, and recalls the time when that affectionate parent beckoned him to her bedside, and with her pale, cold hand upon his young head, gave him a mother's dying blessing. Let our correspondents keep these recollections of childhood fresh and verdant, and believe that they are realized in many a human bosom.

'The following,' says a new contributor, 'is a humble imitation of what is not perhaps worth imitating, the 'Laura Matilda' style of 'sweet-pretty poetry.' We think it decidedly good. It is hardly inferior to SWIFT's celebrated 'Lines by a Person of Quality:'

See! the fragrant twilight whispers  
O'er the orient western sky,  
While Aurora's verdant vespers  
Tell his evening reign is nigh.

Now a louder ray of darkness  
Carols o'er the effulgent scene,  
And the lurid light is markless  
On the horizon's scattered screen.

Night is nigh, with all his horrors  
Sweetly swerving in his breast;  
And the ear of Faucy borrows  
Morning's mist to lull the west.

But ere he comes with all his splendor,  
Hark! the milky way is seen,  
Sighing like a maiden tender,  
In her bower of ruby green!

'Give me the men that are fat!' said honest Jack Falstaff. Not such are the predilections of an agreeable correspondent, who has sent us the 'Confessions of an Obèse.' We are reluctant to publish them. *Cui bono?* They certainly can be of no service as a warning, or beacon; for who, by taking thought, can cease to grow fat,

any more than he can add a cubit to his stature? Still less will they be likely to amuse. Those who are troubled with the ills that *flesh* is heir to—in whom every thing that is eaten turns to fat, which they consider 'an oily dropsy'—surely such will make no jest of it; and the lean seldom laugh. Our correspondent says he is a firm believer in the Cartesian philosophy, and means to write a volume to prove that happiness consists in motion. He argues that a fat man presents an inversion of the order of nature—his only chance of tolerable existence consisting in that which nature abhors as much as a vacuum—*rest*. He was a member of a musical party—a 'society for the promotion of the blowing and scraping pleasures'—but was compelled to resign. He could n't raise the *wind*, and was too much of an obèse to draw a long bow, with any degree of comfort. He looks back longingly upon the enjoyment of dancing, and especially the luxury of the German waltz, his favorite in leaner days. His arm is around the slender waist of some sweet girl of seventeen gentle summers; he whirls through the maze of motion, thrilling intensely at the touch of her hand, the susurrations from her balm-breathing lips, and the glance of her passionate eye. But he breaks the charm, by the exercise of walking across the room, and grows melancholy at the thought, that into that deep well of rapture he has been contemplating, his bucket will go down no more. Nor can he hymenize. His form is not 'the genteel thing.' Once, in despondency, he advertised for a 'sleeping partner' for life. His card was answered by a venerable spinster, who, to adopt his language, had 'lost her left orb of vision.' She assured him, that should they succeed in coming to terms, he might rely upon her having a *single eye* to his happiness, and rest certain that her views of things in general would be always *right*. At the interview which succeeded, even this antiquated piece of feminine mortality declined the proffered honor. 'He was *so fat*—she had no idea! Good morning, Sir!'

COL. STONE'S 'LIFE OF BRANT.'—We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers, MESSRS. GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY, for an examination of the sheets of this very interesting work. It will be issued in all the present month, and when it shall appear, our readers will have occasion to find that it is far more varied and replete, than its unassuming title would lead them to imagine. First, as to its adornments. It will comprise two elegant volumes, octavo, of about 550 pages each, and will be embellished with several fine engravings, among which will be one of Brant, when young, in gala costume, in England, from a picture by the celebrated ROMNEY, painted for the Earl of Warwick, and another, painted when the chief was an old warrior, both engraved by DICK. It will also contain a beautiful portrait of General Gansevoort, the hero of Fort Stanwix, by PRUDHOMME, from a portrait by STEWART, together with a portrait of the younger Brant, a noble fellow, who grappled with General Scott, at the battle of Queenston.

The life of Brant, or Thayendanegeá, is a *string* to hang not only the whole of the stirring history of the border wars of the revolution upon, but also the Indian wars of 1789 and '95, in which Brant was variously engaged. It will contain much of Brant's correspondence, together with the border difficulties with England, respecting the long-agitated question of the surrender of the north-western posts. The work will be full and particular in its details of the border revolutionary campaigns, north and west of Albany, together with other incidental sketches, and much of daring individual exploits. The concluding chapter will contain, we are informed, a sketch of the life of the younger Brant, (who died of cholera, in 1832,) including the battle of Queenston; and bringing the history of the family down to the decease of the aged widow, in November, 1837. Indeed, we are surprised at the extent and variety of facts and incidents embraced in the volumes; and have no hesitation in advising the reader confidently to expect one of the most entertaining native works which has for a long time been issued from the American press.

**ODD CHANGE.**—There is great difficulty experienced, in these days of 'shin-plasters,' in making change; but we have heard of two recent instances, where ingenuity was put in successful requisition to obviate the necessity of change. A rude fellow, while before the police magistrate for some nocturnal misdemeanor, was fined nine dollars, for eighteen oaths, uttered in defiance of official warning that each one would cost him fifty cents. He handed a ten dollar note to the Justice, who was about returning the remaining one to the delinquent, when he broke forth: 'No, no!—keep the whole! *I'll swear it out!*' And he proceeded to expend the 'balance' in as round and condensed a volley of personal denunciation, as had ever saluted the ears of the legal functionary. He then retired content. Something similar was the 'change' given to one of our hack-drivers, by a jolly tar, who was enjoying 'a sail' in a carriage up Broadway. A mad bull, 'with his spanker-boom rigged straight out abaft,' or some other animal, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, in the street, attracted Jack's attention, as he rode along; and unable to let the large plate-glass window down, he broke it to atoms, that he might thrust forth his head. 'A dollar and a half for *that!*' says Jehu. 'Vot of it?—here's the blunt!' replied the sailor, handing the driver a three dollar note. 'I can't change it,' said the latter. 'Well, never mind,' rejoined the tar; 'this'll make it right.' The sudden crash of the other window, told the driver in what manner the 'change' had been made.

**CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ABROAD.**—We are indebted for the beautiful lines by the author of 'Ernest Maltravers,' in the present number, to the kindness of an American friend in London, who was permitted to copy them from the richly-filled album of a distinguished English lady, herself a writer of no mean repute, and a correspondent of the Foreign Quarterly, Frazer's Magazine, etc. We are promised, also, an original poem by MOORE, from the same source. A series of 'Tales of Scotland,' entitled 'The Cairn of Lizzy,' 'The Meteor-Stone,' 'The Election Test,' and 'The Parting,' have also been sent us. They proceed from the pen of an eminent reporter to the British House of Commons, and seem, from the cursory perusal we have been enabled to give them, since their late receipt, to resemble, in their general style and character, the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.' While, however, we appreciate the compliment these latter contributions pay to the reputation of our work, we are constrained to place them in the back-ground, for the present; since our numerous AMERICAN contributors have claims upon our pages, with which we can permit no transatlantic communications, of any length, to interfere. Ours is an American Magazine, and we 'go for' domestic manufactures, whether of the hand or the intellect.

**'CELESTIAL SCENERY.'**—This admirable work, by our correspondent Dr. DICK, the distinguished author of 'The Christian Philosopher,' has been published by HARPER AND BROTHERS, as one of the volumes of their excellent Family Library. Its second title, 'The Wonders of the Planetary System Displayed,' expresses its character perfectly, and must excite a desire to read it, in every mind that seeks improvement in knowledge. In the preparation of his work, Dr. DICK displays an intimate knowledge of the subject, with great skill in divesting it of all scientific difficulty. The widely-circulated article upon the 'Rings of Saturn,' in the February number of the KNICKERBOCKER, was condensed by the author from the mss. of this work, and may afford our readers some idea of the very interesting character of its contents. We confess we have never before been able to acquire so distinct and clear an idea of the magnitudes, motions, and other phenomena, of the heavenly bodies, as we have derived from these descriptions, aided by the one hundred and fourteen engravings with which the text of the volume before us is illustrated. It is our intention to notice it more at large, hereafter.

A NEW WORK BY HOOD. — Let the reader scan the clustering latent puns and verbal jingles, which abound in the annexed announcement of a comic work by HOOD: 'Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year; being former runnings of his comic vein, with an infusion of new blood, for general circulation. The principle, of condensation at a high pressure, has been employed to place the book in the reach of all. There is nothing low about it, however, except the price.' We have glanced over the initiatory number, and rejoiced in it. It is replete with the richest humor; and we are glad to learn that Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN is to reprint the work, in monthly parts, with fac-similes of all the engravings. Hood is a true laughing philosopher, and makes his readers such. He says a laugh is the best vocal music — a glee in which every body can take a part. He would have even the most desponding take heart. 'Things may take a turn,' as the pig said on the spit. 'The Pugsley Papers' are worth the price of a year's numbers. A London shoe-maker and his family become, by the will of a deceased relation, the occupants of a country estate, which they manage as might be anticipated. Miss Dorothy Pugsley writes to a London friend: 'As I know you will like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of fresh butter, when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese, as soon as I can get one to stick together.' She promises, also, some family pork, as they 'wring a pig's neck on Saturday.' The old lady, in her epistle, complains of smokey chimneys, in which hams are suspended; but adds, complacently, that 'what is to be cured, must be endured.' Her son, in attempting to plough, 'met with agricultural distress. As soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose into the earth, and tumbled over head and heels!' The old gentleman's letter 'smells of the shop.' He writes that the cows had all run away, 'except those that had burst themselves in the clover-fields, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound!' He adds: 'Another item; the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns, as not one has yet come back. Poultrey ditto.'

AUTHORSHIP OF 'THE DOCTOR.' — Frazer's London Magazine is somewhat of the latest in tracing the authorship of 'The Doctor' to ROBERT SOUTHEY. It adopts many of the conclusions and arguments advanced in an elaborate article, published long since in this Magazine, wherein the paternity of the work in question was established beyond all peradventure. Among the additional proofs mentioned in 'Frazer,' are: 'The author of Waverley never quoted Scott: that was enough. The author of the Doctor always quotes Southey: that is enough.' The reviewer adds: 'Who would quote the odes, ballads, minor poems, Thalaba, Kehama, Roderick, Wat Tyler, Histories, Omniana, etc. of SOUTHEY, his private correspondence, and his domestic conversation — who but SOUTHEY himself, in such a book as this? Not that they are not all very good, but they would hardly occur as often to any body else.'

NEW WORK BY MR. COOPER. — A new work from the press of Messrs. H. AND E. PRINCEY, Cooperstown, entitled 'The American Democrat, or Hints on the Civic and Social Relations of the United States, by J. FENIMORE COOPER,' will soon be published. The title affords a clue to its general scope and character.

\* \* SEVERAL notices of Pamphlets, Reports, Addresses, etc., with one or two books of instruction, have been omitted, through a press of matter in this department. They will receive early attention.

ERRATUM. — In the 'Letters from Rome,' in the March number, eleventh line from the top of page 261, read *fame* for *form*, in the following sentence: 'Rome is not fallen, nor the *fame* of the Stagyrite hurt for this.'